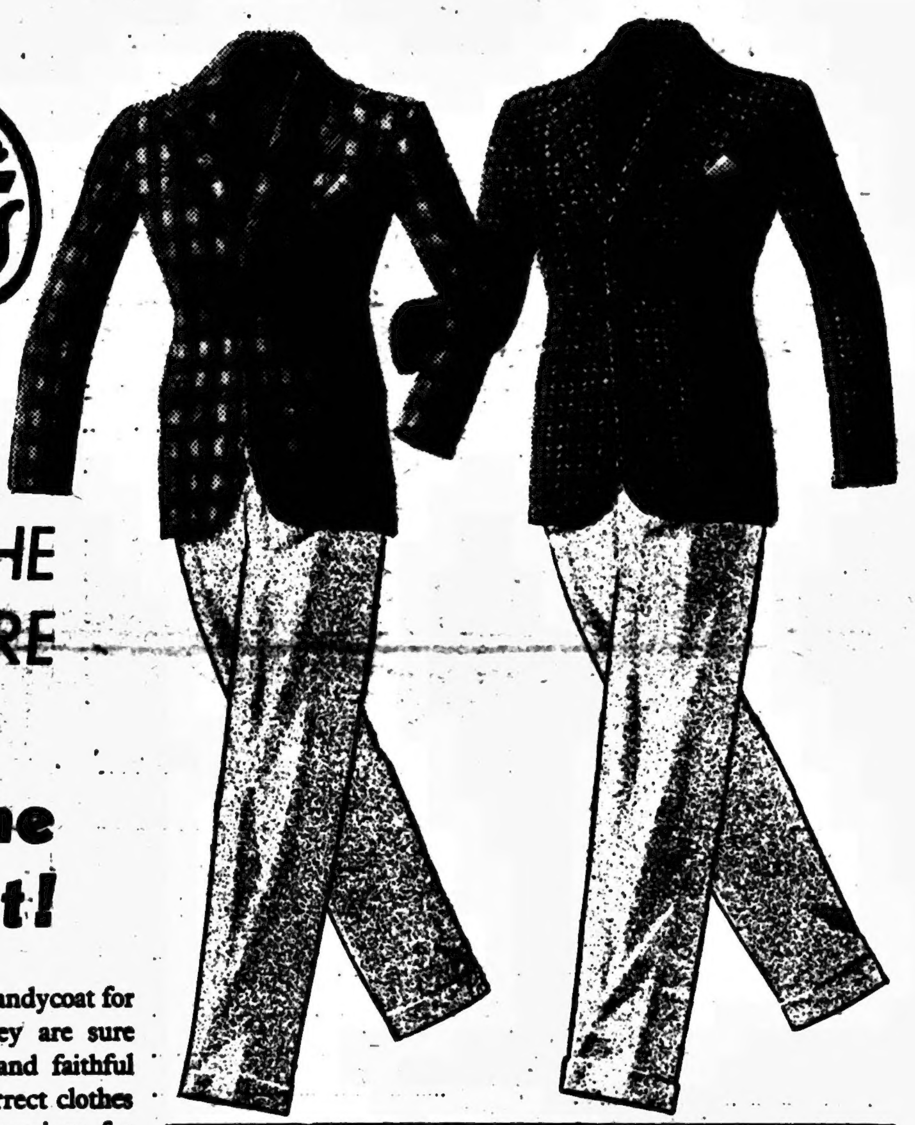
John Bull, May 6, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIII.
1403.

MONEYLENDERS TO PROSECUTE SEE PAGE 5

JOHN BULL



"232" FLANNELS

THEY'RE GOING EVERYWHERE TOGETHER!.....THE BEST-DRESSED MEN ARE WEARING THEM!

Grey Flannels and the Sports Coat!

Slipping into grey flannels and a sports coat was once a man's way of showing that his social activities were over for the day.

But to-day—grey flannels and sports coats get out and about! They are known socially . . . they're in the public eye! The best-dressed Englishmen are wearing them on an increasing number of occasions.

These men choose "232's" for their flannels—the Sandom Handycoat for their jacket. Then, they are sure of style, comfort, long and faithful wear. They have the correct clothes for all those informal occasions for which a man must look and feel *right*.

They can be smartly and faultlessly dressed, knowing that their flannels are perfectly cut—their sports coat up-to-the-minute in pattern—their whole appearance expressive of style and good taste.

THE "232" "FIVE LEG LAY MODEL" AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

"Two-three-two" Flannel is taken a LAY at a time. Extra pairs could be cut from each lay by skimping the material—thus saving much cloth but making the trousers ill-fitting and cramped.

Equally, if less pairs were cut at a time from the LAY you would gain nothing—but your trousers would cost you more.

The "232" "FIVE LEG LAY MODEL" uses what our tailoring experience of over 90 years has taught us—just that quantity of material sufficient to ensure for you an economic but generous cut. It gives comfort and ease when bending, kneeling, gardening, at tennis, golfing, cycling, etc., and guarantees for you—ATHLETIC FREEDOM.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS"

"232" GREY FLANNELS 13'9
4 FASHIONABLE SHADES
68 FITTINGS

&

SANDOM 21/- HANDYCOATS
25/- and 30/-

JUST FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE YOU SHOULD WEAR 232

Please ask your Retailer to give you a copy of the "232" and Sandom booklet.

Your copy of the "232" and Sandom booklet and name of your nearest agent, also obtainable from
MANAGER, "232"
38 Wood Street, London,
E.C.

JOHN BULL
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
No 3

WHICH?

A CHEQUE or REGRETS

MISFORTUNE comes like a bolt out of a clear sky. The wise ones make provision for it. Others can only droop their heads and wish they had done so.

What have *you* done about it?

JOHN BULL offers you the most wonderful Free Family Insurance in the world—sympathetic help in your hour of need—practical protection for you and your family up to £1,000.—"A splendid gift for merely signing the registration form"—as a reader put it recently.

Only through JOHN BULL can you cover the home against fire, your deadliest enemy; only through JOHN BULL can you make provision for storm or flood damage and for sickness.

"We never dreamed of a fire"; "Our bread-winner was always so healthy—he never imagined he would be laid up for months"; "We never thought we would need your assistance, but now realise how wise it is to be prepared." . . . We could tell you of thousands of cases where readers never dreamed of calamity, but who, fortunately, took the vital steps to safeguard themselves by signing forms similar to those below.

Which shall it be with you—a substantial cheque in your hour of need or only vain regrets? Sign *now* if you have not yet done so.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT

"John Bull" covers you free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address ....

....

.... Date....................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6/5/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....

Reader's Signature.

Age....................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

....

.... Date....................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6/5/33

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. ***State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*** Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

CASH THE COUPONS

BABY-CLOTHES 30/-
[illegible] LONG-CLOTHES
Guaranteed as sold for [illegible]
[illegible]
ANOTHER "J. BULL" READER WRITES:—"I am grateful to my friends who recommended your layette. It is truly the most [illegible] and best bargain obtainable."
2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL [illegible] PORTSMOUTH.

REAL HELP
The College which gives real help is The Bennett College. Tuition by post on all branches of Engineering, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Motor and all examinations, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Police, Commercial Art, etc. We specialise in all Institute examinations.
Write to us on any subject. Our advice on all careers, and the possibilities of employment therein Free. You will be under no obligation whatever.
THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 29, SHEFFIELD.

RUPTURE
FEATHERWEIGHT APPLIANCES WITHOUT UNDERSTRAPS.
Overcome Rupture by wearing comfortable belt with soft pneumatic pads specially shaped to aid Nature to heal. Ball or Oval [illegible] pads to press into and widen break. Illustration shows shape of the Blunden pad, which aids Nature by drawing sides of Rupture together.
A. Covers actual Rupture Opening.
B. Pad thicker here, and therefore more protection given.
C. Thickest at weakest part of Rupture—a safeguard against extension.
This pad is surgically RIGHT and has benefited thousands. Recommended by medical profession. Cannot slip; yet has no Understraps to chafe or irritate.
FREE BATHING APPLIANCES FOR HOME OR SEA BATHING
It is dangerous to bathe without proper support. Secure a Blunden Bathing APPLIANCE FREE. Write or call.
BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (Dept. [illegible]), 9/13, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Branches: [illegible] House, Market St., MANCHESTER, etc.

3,000 FACTORY-PRICE BARGAINS!
Get Your FREE PRIZE
WRITE NOW for H. Samuel's beautiful FREE ALBUM of Rings, Watches, Plate. The bargains you get from the Empire's Largest Jewellers are a sensational revelation! Splendid FREE PRIZES. This fine "[illegible]" Lever Watch, specially strong, dust and damp-proof—5/-. Any article sent C.O.D.
5/-
H. SAMUEL Dept. 199. Market St., Manchester.

FREE
175 Designs to choose from and over 1000 sizes
192-Page Gardening and Poultry Keepers' Guide with Latest Catalogue.
PAVILIONS from £8.
For other Designs See List.
GREENHOUSES from 45/-
SUMMER HOUSES from [illegible]/-
Free delivery by Lorry or Rail.
HUTS from 22/6.
BUNGALOWS from £19 10 0
POULTRY HOUSES from 18/6
BATH'S 3-7, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON
WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE
Chas. T. Robinson CYCLE WAREHOUSE, [illegible] 24, COVENTRY

2 WEEKS ONLY! SATISFACTION
2 White Woolly Blankets 56x76
2 Good Strong Sheets 56x76
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 56x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion cover 22x22
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
2 Chamois Polishers
Double Bed Size.
CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH or C.O.D.
A LOVELY WADDED DOWN QUILT FREE
also, if cash with order, choice of Free Damask Table Cloth or Pair Art. Silk Hose.
PATON HILL Co., Dept. S.B., 73-75, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM
AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general support belt for
MEN OR WOMEN
The garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.
[illegible] 4/11 11 ins. deep. 5/11
Add 1/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11½. Fine Silk Elastic, 24 ins. deep, 10/11½. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.
Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P.O. to:—
BEASLEY BELT Dept. 208A 28, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2
Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women.

FOR A VELVET SHAVE
THE "VELVET" BLADE
MADE IN SHEFFIELD ENGLAND
THE RELIABLE 1d BLADE
SOLD ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS

THORN'S SALE
GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/6 DOWN OR 26/- CASH CARR. PD.
A NOVICE CAN ERECT.
Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

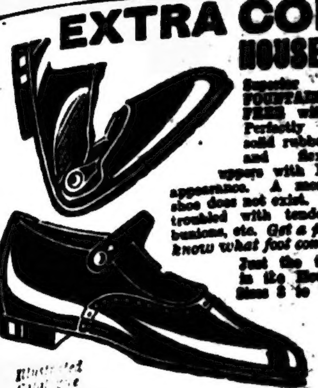
Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.			
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1.17.0	or	3 3	Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	£2.11.0	or	4 4	Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£3.12.6	or	6 2	Monthly.

Carr. paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue No. 69 of Sheds 26/-, Garages 70/-, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,000 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.
J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 48) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

For CORNS, CALLOUSES and HARD SKIN
THE GOLDEN REMEDY FOR CORNS, CALLOUSES & Hard Skin OOZOO PER 1/3 BOX POST FREE
Apply OOZOO to corn daily. New skin forms underneath corn which comes off in dressing. Guaranteed to remove most stubborn corns in a few days.
Insurance Inspector WRITES:—Best Corn Cure ever invented. It cured me in one week.
Write for tin, enclosing P.O., Post Free, 1/3.
OOZOO, Dept. J.B., 25, Hindley Green, WIGAN, Lancs.

12/6 SHOE FOR 5/3
WEAR WELL FOR YEARS!
Fine Willow Oxford Shoe, solid leather through middle sole, stitched for strength with extra thick soles and heels of crepe rubber, almost indestructible. Extremely comfortable, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general wear. Outlast 2 pairs at double the price! BLACK or BROWN. SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN GIVEN FREE.
Illustrated list free.
5/3 PER PAIR Sizes 6 to 11.
Better quality, 8/- etc. Sizes 11 to 1, 4/- Sizes 2 to 5, 4/9 By post 9d. etc. or C.O.D.
With LEATHER sole and heel, 1/- extra.
Also LADIES' one bar or Monk Brogue, 5/11, plus post.
A.B. CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, CROYDON

EXTRA COMFY HOUSE SHOES



Superior Self-Filling FOUNTAIN PEN GIVEN FREE with each order! Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles, and flexible rubber uppers with Patent Leather appearance. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. *Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.*

Just the thing for wear in the House or Garden. Sizes 3 to 7. PER PAIR

2/6

Children's size 8, per pair 2/-.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free

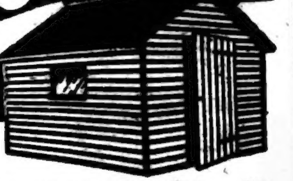
Postage on one or two pairs 6d. extra or C.O.D.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, CROYDON.

SUTCLIFFE'S

FROM **3/2** PER MONTH

STORE SHED DESIGN Z H



DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, built in 4 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 30/-.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1/14/0	3/2
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2/8/0	4/5
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3/10/0	6/5

Send for free PORTABLE BUILDINGS CATALOGUE, 120 pages. Most beautiful illustrations, Sheds, Pavilions, Shops, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Workshops, etc.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 82, Wood Top, HEBDEN BRIDGE, YORKS. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

TILETEX and PAROLEUM

The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for 15/-

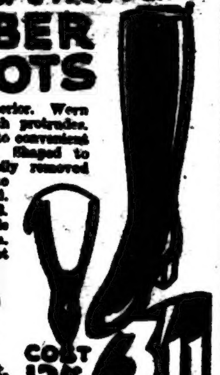
Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. Send for samples and full particulars post free.

J. R. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

90 sq. ft. 15/-

Guaranteed Wear or a Free Pair!

Ladies' RUBBER OVERBOOTS



NOT a Wellington, but much superior. Worn over walking shoes, heel of which protrudes. On or off in a few seconds, thanks to convenient Zip-fastening front as illustrated. Shaped to leg, very smart appearance. Easily removed at office, theatre, restaurant, etc., to roll up into bag. Strongly soled. Grey, Black or Brown. Sizes 2 to 8. Usual Price 12/6. Our Price, while stock lasts, 3/11. Post 6d. extra. ORDER NOW. Cash back if not delighted.

PREPARE FOR SUMMER SHOWERS

BARNES STORES
(Dept. J.B.)
128, Arundel Street,
PORTSMOUTH

COST 12/6 **3/11**

STILL LEADING IN PRICE AND QUALITY

DON'T PAY MORE

Smart Weather-Resisting Shoes, with uppers of exact appearance of imitation grained leather. Stout rubber soles, warranted 3/8ths in. thick to give amazingly long wear. Solid rubber heels. Wide welts. Full protection guaranteed against rain. Seamless lining for comfort. Black or Brown, Men's sizes 5 to 12; Also Ladies' and Boys'.

Satisfaction or Money Back. C.O.D. if preferred.

2/3

Post 9d. Note Actual thickness of Sole.

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.), 60, Church St., CROYDON.

STUPENDOUS CYCLE REDUCTIONS

Guaranteed-for-ever Cycles, 55/6, or 1/4 weekly. Wonderful specification. Equal to others at £3 15s. Exo Unpuncturable Tyres, guar. 2 years, 3/9 post 6d. Two 7/6, post paid. Chains 1/8. Dynamo-Elec. Lamps, 6/3. Send for FREE Catalogue, Chock full of amazing bargains.

EXO
CYCLE TYRE

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER. To all who enclose this advt. with a 1½d. stamp for postage we will send ABSOLUTELY FREE a Steel tightener which fits every cycle nut.

MOORHOUSES
DEPT. 89, PADIHAM, LANCS.

JOHN BULL'S
SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style, S. or D. Breasted, from All British Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsted Cloths. 100 patterns to choose from. 29 years' reputation for sterling value. Don't pay extra for bright lights and mahogany showcases. Pay only for cloth and making.

25/6 SUITS TO MEASURE

Send no money. Write now for Free Patterns. Self-measure chart and latest fashions.

H. THOMAS & Co., Dept. J.B.1.
14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon.

18 CT. EFFECT HUNTER

WARRANTED TO WEAR FOR EVER

FREE—5/- Pocket-to-pocket Dress Chain, alternate links gold and silver plated.

This magnificently engraved watch is a flat Dress Model based on 1933 style. Huge purchase of Manufacturers' Entire Liquidation Stock enables us to offer this at less than Government Duty Price. Timed to minute a month. Warranted 10 years. Also limited number of Ladies' 18ct. designed dainty Wristlets 9/6, post 6d. Value 37/6.

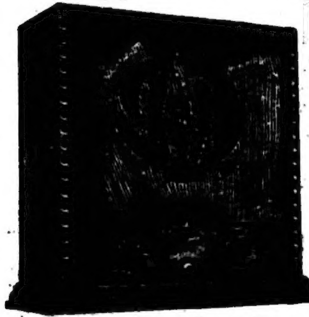
Dept. J.B.2,

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS,
87 NEW OXFORD ST. W.C.1

7/6 POST 6D

STARTLING RADIO OFFER

To Approved Registered Readers of "John Bull."



THIS POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

FOR ONLY **2/-** WEEKLY

is British made and absolutely complete with Loud Speaker. Three British Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries, all self-contained in a beautiful Walnut Cabinet. All ready to switch on—Trouble Free—Easily operated—Foreign Stations.

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE FOR CASH WITH ORDER—75/-

This amazing offer brings the whole wealth of Radio entertainment within the reach of every home.

SECURE YOURS NOW. Many other superb models—screened grid, battery and all-electric sets from 2/- wkly. Come and Listen in (Showrooms open until 7 p.m., including Saturdays) or

SEND P.C. FOR BIG FREE BOOK

Send 2/- and this Coupon.

J.B.6/5

Please book my order for an Eclipse 3 Valve Set absolutely complete as advertised. I enclose 2/- and promise to send a further 2/- in seven days time, and the balance 2/- weekly.

Date............................

SIGNATURE ....

PLEASE PRINT YOUR ADDRESS DISTINCTLY ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER AND ATTACH IT TO THIS COUPON

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. SAT),
97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

TIMBER BUILDINGS

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

ALWAYS ON VIEW

A NOVICE CAN ERECT. PLANS FREE.
Metal Windows. Easy Terms. Satisfaction.

Bungalows ...	£52.10.0	Recreation R'ms	£26. 9.0
Garages	£4.12.6	Stables	£18. 0.0
Pavilions ...	£20. 8.0	Army Huts ...	£10.12.6
Shelters	£4. 5.6	Huts	£2. 7.6
Iron Buildings	£4. 1.0	Etc., Etc.	

List of all kinds of Portable Buildings Free.

C. ALBERT & CO. (Dept. J.B.),
187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON, S.W.2.

FREE APPROVAL

We trust you

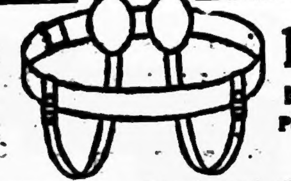
LADY'S or GENT'S WRIST WATCHES

£3.3.0 value for 22/6

Gent's Size: Fully Luminous dial, splendid quality, tested movement, highly polished platinon case, leather sewn strap. Timed to a minute a month. Sent on free approval. If satisfactory pay 1/6 fortnightly until 22/6 is paid, or Fitted on Chrome Mesh extension 27/6, same terms. Lady's Size, same quality, on Black Moire band or expanding Bracelet, in handsome velvet-lined case, 22/6. Same terms, 1/6 fortnightly after receipt.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.52),
94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d.



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d.

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes: "Please send another appliance as before. I have found it the best I have ever had in my 40 years' experience."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. J.B.6)
22, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

TOUGH AS HIDE!

FREE! ONE PAIR SOCKS GIVEN WITH EVERY PAIR!

These extra stout boots are as tough as hide and give years of wear. Strongly made with extra stout soles and heels, and strong canvas-duck lining. The most comfortable boot ever produced!

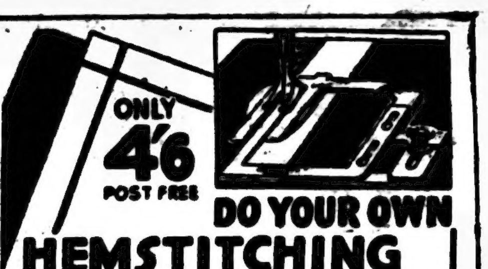
Per pair Worth 21/- **5/9**

Sizes 6 to 11. By post 9d. extra, or C.O.D. *Ill. List free.*

RUBBER WELLINGTONS size 3 to 12, per pair 7/9.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, Croydon

DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING



ONLY **4/6** POST FREE

The British X.L. Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, a great new invention that Fits all Sewing Machines. Easily operated. PAYS FOR ITSELF IN TEN MINUTES. Money back if not satisfied.

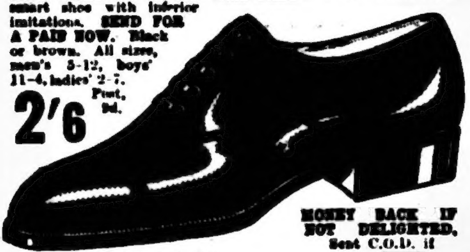
" . . . a wonderful little invention, etc. . . ." (extract from "Weldon's Ladies' Journal," April, 1933).

X.L. SUPPLIES (Dept. 29),
97/99, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2.

GENUINE 10/6 SHOES FOR ONLY 2/6

Smart all weather shoes. Solid stout rubber soles full ½ in. thick. Solid rubber heels. Will wear well for many seasons. Absolutely watertight and weatherproof. WE GUARANTEE FAIR WEAR OR A NEW PAIR FREE! Don't confuse this smart shoe with inferior imitations. SEND FOR A PAIR NOW. Black or brown. All sizes, men's 5-12, boys' 11-4, ladies' 2-7.

2/6 Post, 9d.



MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

Bargain Catalogue sent free.

J. D. WINNER & SONS, LTD., Est. 1887.
(Dept. J.4), 15, 17, 19, Goldhawk Road, LONDON, W.12.

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT OF 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz: 4/- per pair. These are Dk. Grey with a neat stripe and made of practically untearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28in. to 40in. waist) 42in. to 48in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. (or C.O.D.)

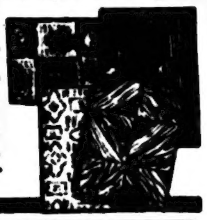
NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

COVER YOUR FLOORS WITH THE WONDERFUL NEW BROADOLEUM

Suitable for Wood, Stone and all Floors, the new Broadoleum lies flat and requires no fixing. NOT A FELT BASE—special process varnished back makes it rot- and damp-proof.

8 Yards 22½ in. wide **7/4**

108 Sq. Ft. - 15/-



Longer lengths pro rata. Carriage paid to any station.
Send for Free Range of Samples.

BROADOLEUM STORES,
2, The Broadway, Catford, London.
S.E.6.

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles and sell POUNDS CHEAPER by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1933 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.

SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.

WRITE FOR LISTS
FROM
CASH or TERMS

Edwd O'Brien Ltd, of COVENTRY

SOUTH WESTERN

HUTS & GARAGES

& SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.

10' × 7'	£4	5	6
14' × 8'	£6	4	0

HUTS.

6' × 4'	£1	14	0
8' × 5'	£2	10	0
10' × 7'	£3	10	0

Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), LTD., Dept. J.
High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2511/2.

British-Made Boots & Shoes

for smokers of Carreras'

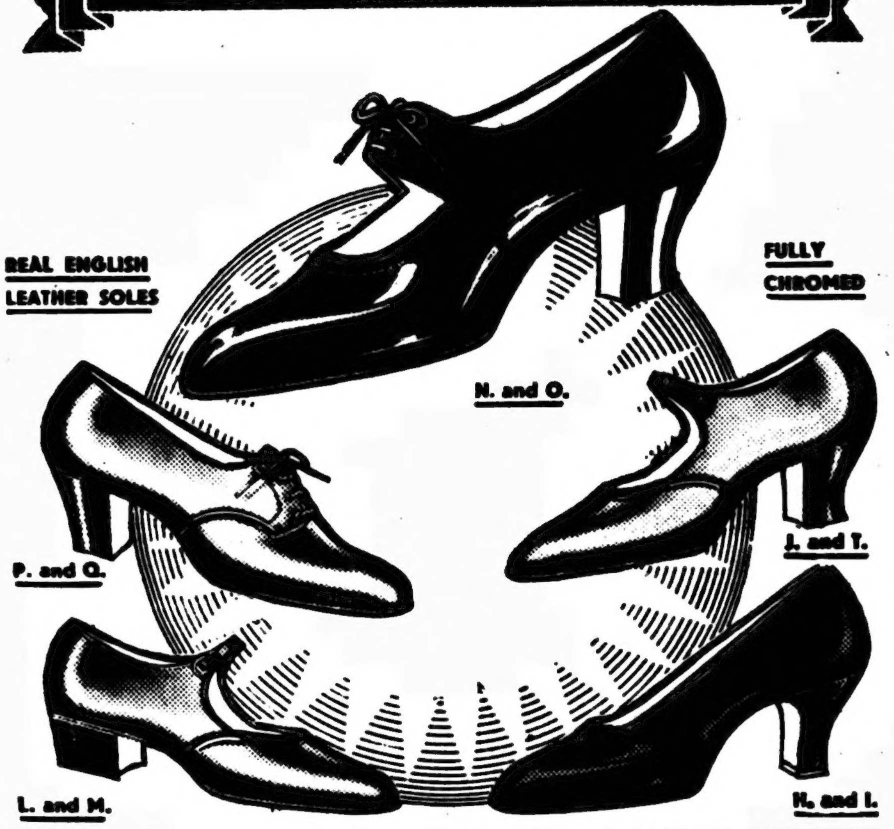
'CLUBS'

ALSO IN PACKETS
10 FOR 4D

The Best 5 for 2D. cigarettes

ALSO IN PACKETS
10 FOR 4D

For the Ladies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Style Q.
Same as above but in Genuine Tan Willow Calf.

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"COMFORT BAR SHOE" in Soft Black Glace Kid. Full Fitting. Smart Toe. Leather Soles and Low Leather Heels.

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Same as above but in Genuine Tan Willow Calf.

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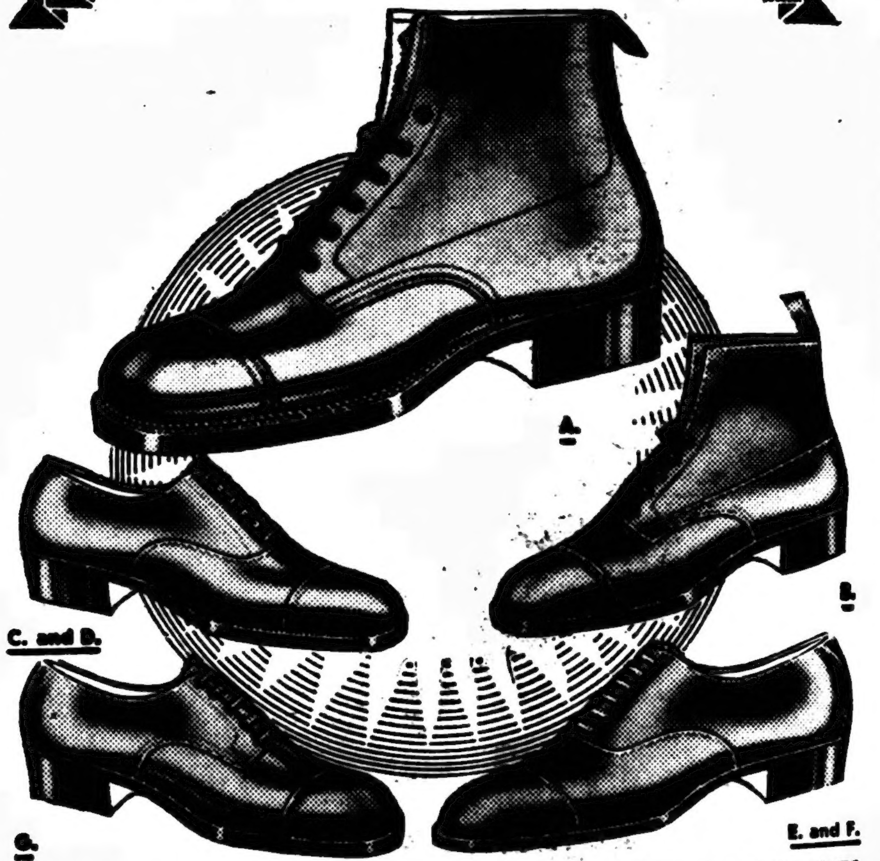

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LIGHT-WEIGHT OXFORD SHOE. In Black. Welted Soles. *Pointed Toe.*

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"John Bull," 6/5/33.

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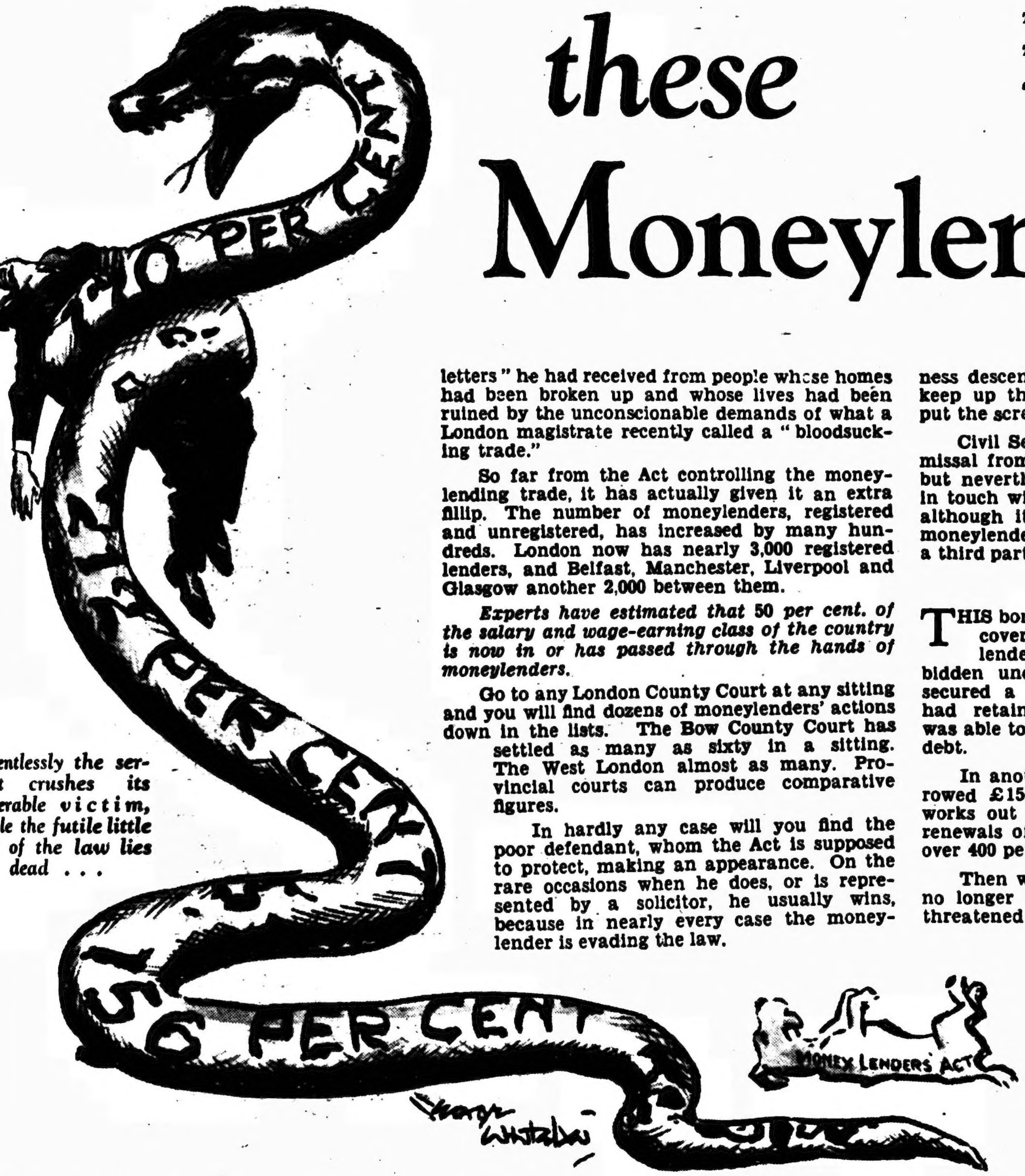
PROSECUTE these Moneylenders!



Relentlessly the serent crushes its miserable victim, while the futile little dog of the law lies dead . . .

ONE of the most arrant examples of Ministerial evasion of a downright public scandal occurred in the House of Commons the other day.

To the request of a group of M.P.s that he should appoint a committee to investigate abuses of the Moneylenders Act, the Home Secretary replied that "no information has come to my notice to suggest that any useful purpose would be served by an enquiry of the kind indicated."

We do not agree with Sir John Gilmour, and we can provide him with plenty of information which should make him change his mind.

When Parliament passed the Act in 1927, it was loudly and piously proclaimed at Westminster that it would drive the Shylocks out of business.

It has done nothing of the kind. The Act is a dead letter, its enforcement almost entirely ignored by Registrars and County Court Judges. And its provisions are contemptuously evaded by hosts of moneylenders who are demanding, and obtaining, as high rates of usury as ever they did.

One of the M.P.s spoke of "the shoals of letters" he had received from people whose homes had been broken up and whose lives had been ruined by the unconscionable demands of what a London magistrate recently called a "bloodsucking trade."

So far from the Act controlling the moneylending trade, it has actually given it an extra fillip. The number of moneylenders, registered and unregistered, has increased by many hundreds. London now has nearly 3,000 registered lenders, and Belfast, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow another 2,000 between them.

Experts have estimated that 50 per cent. of the salary and wage-earning class of the country is now in or has passed through the hands of moneylenders.

Go to any London County Court at any sitting and you will find dozens of moneylenders' actions down in the lists. The Bow County Court has settled as many as sixty in a sitting. The West London almost as many. Provincial courts can produce comparative figures.

In hardly any case will you find the poor defendant, whom the Act is supposed to protect, making an appearance. On the rare occasions when he does, or is represented by a solicitor, he usually wins, because in nearly every case the moneylender is evading the law.

The proceedings are a farce. The moneylender gets up before the Registrar, recites his list of defendants with amounts owing, gets his judgments, states his own time in which he demands full payment (usually a month) and steps down.

The law says a moneylender may not charge more than 48 per cent. interest. But we have a list before us of twenty separate transactions, and in no case is the interest less than 84 per cent. In one case it is 212 per cent., and in most cases well over 100 per cent.

TAKE these recent examples of Shylock's ruses to evade the new Act and pursue his same old methods:

A Civil Servant living in South London approached a well-known City firm of moneylenders for a loan of £10 to pay off a pressing debt. He was asked to repay £14 10s. On the face of it, the interest there is merely the maximum the law allows, but he was compelled to pay at the rate of 10s. weekly. Interest on that basis works out at 156 per cent.

Three months after he took out the loan illness descended on his family and he could not keep up the payments. The moneylender then put the screw on.

Civil Servants are prohibited on pain of dismissal from having dealings with moneylenders, but nevertheless the Shylock threatened to get in touch with this borrower's Department chiefs, although it is illegal under the new Act for a moneylender to communicate the transaction to a third party.

THIS borrower then engaged a lawyer, who discovered that his client had paid the moneylender "expenses"—which are strictly forbidden under the Act—on the loan and had secured a receipt for his payment, which he had retained. With this receipt the lawyer was able to obtain a complete cancellation of the debt.

In another case a West London woman borrowed £15 to repay £22 at 10s. a week, which works out at 107½ per cent. interest. Sundry renewals of the loan brought the interest up to over 400 per cent.

Then when her husband died, and she could no longer continue payments, the moneylender threatened to sue her. But, fortunately, she obtained expert advice, and, foreseeing that his enormous, illegally charged interest was to be called into question, the moneylender released her from the debt.

These people were fortunate enough to get expert assistance. But thousands of others, suffering agonies in the clutches of these moneylending sharks, cannot afford a solicitor and are desperately afraid of being dragged into the courts. That is Shylock's chief weapon against them. *He evades the law constantly, and yet uses it to enforce his demands.*

AGAIN, there is no case on record where a moneylender has been proceeded against under the Act. That is why we say the Home Secretary and the courts must enforce this miserable, moribund travesty of an Act.

There are also two directions where it can suitably be amended. First, defendants against a moneylender's action should be relieved of the necessity of giving their names, so that they need not fear publicity. Second, no moneylender's action should be settled by a judge without the full terms of the transaction being known and a statement of means or capacity to pay obtained from the borrower.

But, more than anything else, the Act must be enforced, even as it stands at present. We look to Sir John Gilmour to take the necessary steps, and then to our judges to do their part—a part in which, so far, they have lamentably failed.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Dangerous Motoring: A Shake-up for Taxpayers

Men with the Slum Mind

Two Wonderful Mothers

OF all the fantastic pleas we have lately come across commend us this week to the statement made by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., in defending a twenty-year-old motorist at the London Sessions who pleaded guilty to dangerous driving.

The accused failed to surrender to his bail on December 1 last year, and was not arrested till April 5. By the time this happened he had put the authorities to the expense of at least £250.

Whose fault?

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett pleaded for leniency, as one would naturally expect from counsel for the defence.

But when he advanced as one of his pleas that the accused "had suffered much mental anxiety between December 1 and April 5, when he was in hiding," we can't help asking: Whose fault was that?

The young gentleman could have rid himself from mental anxiety any time he liked by coming out of hiding—and it would have saved the country money in the bargain.

Too dear justice

There is another aspect of this case that should not escape public notice.

It is staggering to learn that the police machinery for tracing fast-driving motorists who elude it may operate at the rate of £250 per defaulter.

Crippen, the murderer, was found on the high-seas and brought back at a cost of £85, and an extradition from distant Australia to Britain seldom causes an expenditure of more than £50 to-day.

Slum minds

There are many men on our county and town councils like Sir William Ray, who has just said that half the people who live in London's slums live there from choice.

As leader of the London County Council he should know better than that. But apparently he and a lot like him do not.

That is why the shocking slum scandal still goes on all over the country.

Those who know

Let Sir William Ray and those who share his views talk to people who have left the slums for decent houses.

Let them note how scrupulously clean the new municipal flats are kept by those who for years lived under disgusting conditions.

And then—if they still believe that the slums are liked by their occupants—let them make way on our councils for wiser men.

Hounding them back

They must be told, too, that some of the absurd rules laid down for municipal tenants are enough to drive people back to the slums

Take the L.C.C. estate at Becontree, where a rule of tenancy is that no one may make a living on the premises.

A case in point is that of a woman in one of these houses who hired a sewing machine and restarted her old trade of making babies' feeders." An inspector discovered this horrible crime and threatened the woman with a week's notice unless she stopped the sewing.

Mother's sacrifice—

If there is a roll of honour for Cumberland folk, the name of Mary Elizabeth Ackley should be engraved on it in letters of gold.

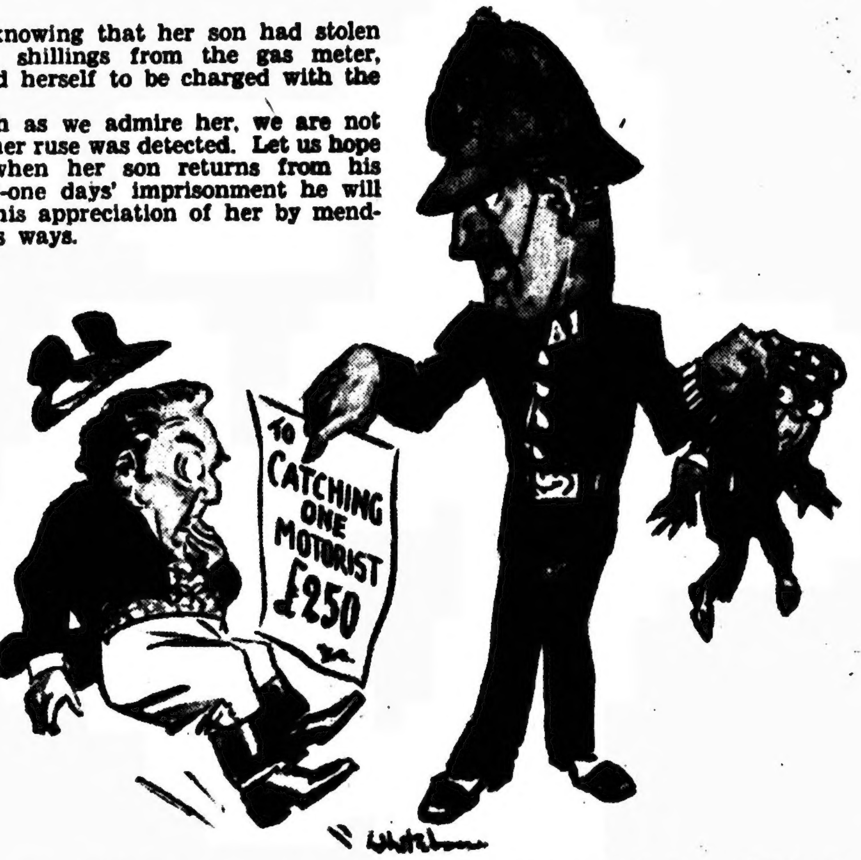
This Cockermouth milkwoman, the mother of seven children, was killed in her efforts to stop a runaway horse, which was endangering the lives of others

"Accidental death in performing a courageous act" was the unusual verdict of the coroner's jury. That is a verdict we should like to see generally adopted in such cases.

—And mother love

Another wonderful mother is a Manchester woman, Mrs. Martha Davidson, who, knowing that her son had stolen a few shillings from the gas meter, allowed herself to be charged with the theft.

Much as we admire her, we are not sorry her ruse was detected. Let us hope that when her son returns from his twenty-one days' imprisonment he will show his appreciation of her by mending his ways.



Skinflint saving

Since we revealed that the Minister of Health intends to deprive 60,000 unemployed men and women of their health insurance benefits at the end of the year, M.P.s have made repeated efforts to get him to change his mind.

But he stands firm, and admits they will lose not only financial benefit but the right to the panel doctor and the panel chemist.

Can't he realise that after a long spell of unemployment they need a doctor more than when they are at work?

More air crashes

Royal Air Force accidents are still all too plentiful, and brave pilots continue to lose their lives.

Is their training defective? Nearly half of the last batch of R.A.F. officers who were examined for promotion failed to solve the pilotage problem that was put to them, and other questions were not well answered.

It looks as though many lives might be saved if the R.A.F. training methods were overhauled.

Amazing but true

Cottagers at Idle, near Bradford, have been ordered to pay towards the cost of a road they don't want more than their property is worth!

The road leads to a quarry, and all the traffic that uses it is on the quarry's business. Yet one cottager, who hasn't even a door or window looking on to the road, which he will probably never use, must pay £258.

The magistrate had to allow the orders for payment. But why on earth shouldn't the quarry owners be held liable?

New drug menace

Another death has been caused by a new and little-known drug.

The victim was the wife of a German professor, and was found dying in a London house. She had been taking the drug for sleeplessness, but was killed by an overdose

In a recent article we warned the authorities of the danger of such new drugs, which are admitted to have different effects on different people. We repeat that warning now. Unless more stringent regulations are laid down, drug fatalities will increase.

Motes and beams

"Wireless is one of the hindrances to the Church's progress. People are becoming satisfied with snippets of religion."

A parson said that—the Rev. T. H. M. Williams, vicar of Crawley Down, Sussex.

We have a great admiration for a good many parsons, but if they talk nonsense like that they will not have to travel far from their own studies to find one of the main "hindrances to the Church's progress."

Without mercy

We can't help feeling sorry for the Bristol woman who stole from a shop some goods valued at 3s., including such things as tea, biscuits, jam and children's socks.

The woman has five children, was given a good character by the police, and pleaded: "I can only say I did it because I had no food at home."

But the magistrates said the least they could do was to send her to prison for a month with hard labour.

We are not surprised that an appeal was lodged, and the poor woman released from jail.

Strange justice

The same Bench later had before it a woman charged with stealing a pair of gloves, valued at 5s., from a shop. She was fined £5. And another woman stole articles worth a guinea; she was fined £10.

We should like to know why these magistrates felt compelled to send one woman to jail and to let off with a fine two others who stole more valuable goods.

It's a poor form of justice that isn't consistent.

Anyway, isn't it time that an important city like Bristol appointed a stipendiary magistrate to administer the law wisely and mercifully?

Impossible

No doubt you read about the Southend man who, with his last twopence, bought some bones for his "best pal"—his dog. He had been out of work for three years, was ineligible for the "dole," and had to pawn his boots for food. Now he has been fined 2s. 6d. for not having a dog licence.

That's not much, perhaps, but how could he possibly have paid it if sympathisers had not come to his aid?

New tax squeeze

Talking about dogs, it has just been decided that in certain cases a dog must have two licences!

If an owner goes on holiday and leaves his pet with a dog breeder or boarder, the latter must take out an additional licence. That is the verdict of the Bristol magistrates, and presumably it applies to veterinary surgeons as well.

It may be logical, but it is also absurd. What happens to the breeder or surgeon who looks after a dog for only a day?

Near beer

A lot of people have sometimes grumbled about the watery flavour of their beer, but the publican isn't usually to blame.

A Manchester ex-publican, however, has been fined £3 for adding half a bucket of water to each of eight barrels of beer!

The case was described as the first of its kind. We hope it remains so.

No legal obligation

At an inquest at Caergwrle, Flintshire, a man told how, during a motoring trip, his mother was taken ill and was laid on the roadside at four o'clock in the morning

He knocked up a doctor, who put his head out of his bedroom window and put it back again. The mother died, and the coroner said that had she received medical attention in the early hours she might have survived.

There is no legal obligation on a doctor to attend a case. But we shouldn't like to have to remember a thing like that for the rest of our life.

Infant gamblers

A girl of eight and a boy aged thirteen were found making small ready-money bets when police raided a Leeds office. The bookmaker, George Jarrett, was said to have a large business among women and children.

Last week we called for heavy penalties in such cases.

Jarrett was fined £5. We don't call that heavy.

Warning to welshers

There were so many welshers at the Epsom Spring Meeting that it took nine hours to try to convict those who had been captured

Let us congratulate the police on their alertness and the justices for imposing strict sentences.

Epsom has always been a notorious hunting-ground for so-called bookmakers who never intend to pay up, but the recent prosecutions will, we hope, persuade them to give the Derby a miss.

Letter of the law

Alexander Harding lies ill in his Jarrow home, knowing that he will never work again. War wounds shortened his arm by several inches, and in 1928 the effects of gas poisoning became evident.

He applied in vain for a disability pension, and the Ministry of Pensions still refuses to do anything for him.

Can you wonder that Mr. Harding feels "a little bitter"?

Sailors do care

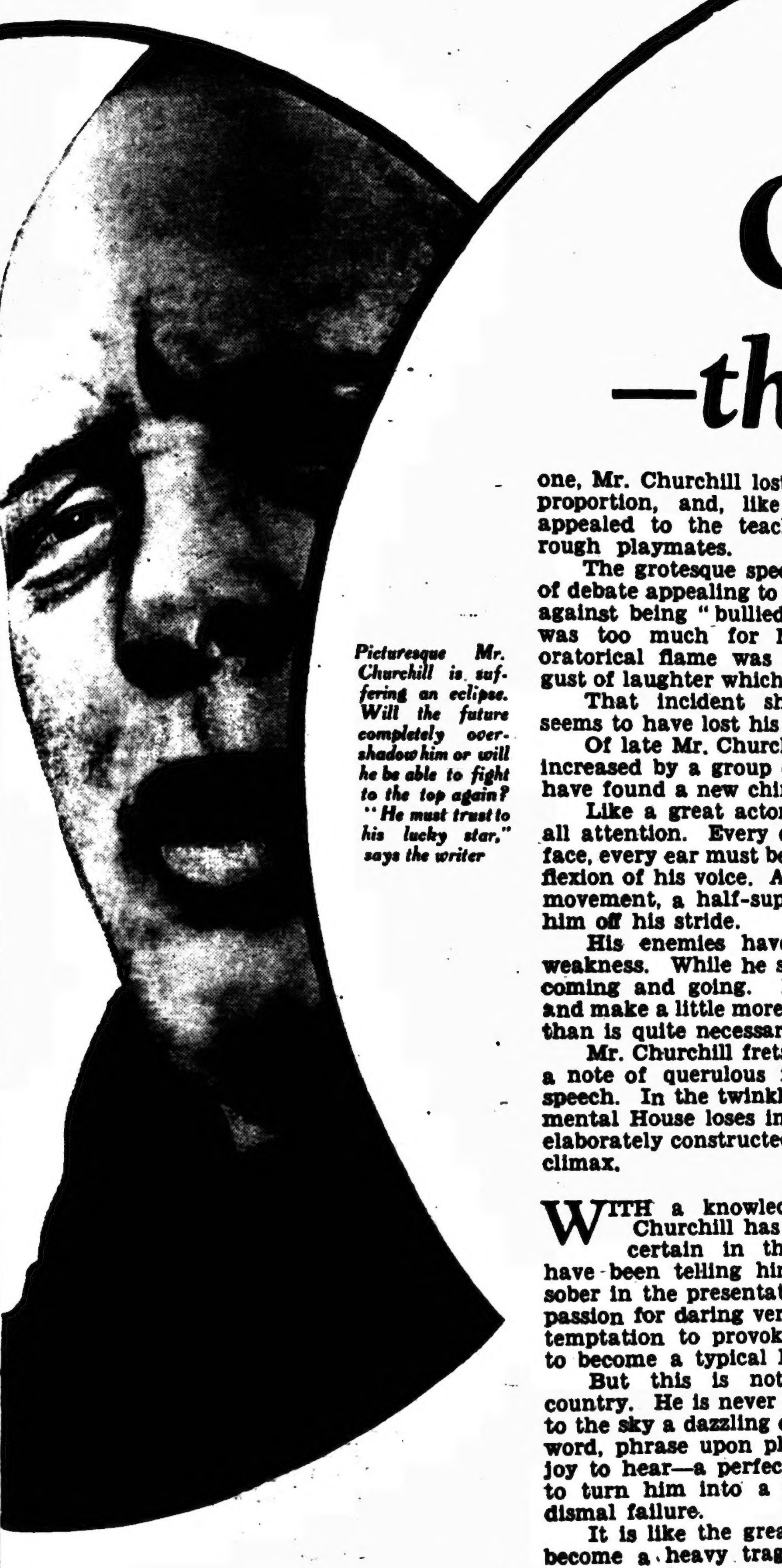
Old salts may smile, but sailors of to-day are becoming bookworms. There are 420 libraries now on British ships, and they are in constant use by both officers and crews.

What is more, biography, poetry and science books are particularly popular.

Let us give a word of congratulation to the Seafarers' Education Service, which organises this good work.

by A Political Correspondent

WINSTON CHURCHILL —the Tragic Truth



Picturesque Mr. Churchill is suffering an eclipse. Will the future completely overshadow him or will he be able to fight to the top again? "He must trust to his lucky star," says the writer

WINSTON CHURCHILL is in unwonted eclipse. The talk of the House of Commons is of the rapid decline of his influence and power. Suddenly, dramatically, Mr. Churchill appears to have lost his old-time grip.

From the marvellous heights when he could sway the House to mirth and tears and rage, he has, for the time being at any rate, dropped to a dead, dull level of word-spinning which, apparently, bores both himself and his listeners.

His decline is all the more remarkable because of the circumstances. Never did Parliament offer such unexampled opportunities to a man of daring and ambition. Hardly a figure of first-rate ability bars the path. And, at this heaven-sent moment, Mr. Churchill stumbles like the veriest novice.

He makes the most incredible mistakes in judgment. M.P.s have not yet recovered from their amazement at an incident in the late debate on India which destroyed the whole effect of Mr. Churchill's speech with one crushing blow.

Sir J. S. Wardlaw-Milne, the mildest, meekest man who ever caused a Parliamentary storm, ventured a perfectly proper and courteous intervention while Mr. Churchill was on his feet.

To the unutterable astonishment of everyone, Mr. Churchill lost all sense of humour and proportion, and, like a small boy at school, appealed to the teacher to save him from his rough playmates.

The grotesque spectacle of this great master of debate appealing to the Speaker to protect him against being "bullied" by poor Wardlaw-Milne was too much for M.P.s, and Mr. Churchill's oratorical flame was extinguished by a mighty gust of laughter which swept across the House.

That incident showed, too, that Winston seems to have lost his nerve.

Of late Mr. Churchill's discomfiture has been increased by a group of faithful Tory M.P.s who have found a new chink in his armour.

Like a great actor, Mr. Churchill must have all attention. Every eye must be riveted on his face, every ear must be attuned to catch every inflexion of his voice. A rustle of papers, a restless movement, a half-suppressed cough, can all put him off his stride.

His enemies have learned to trade on this weakness. While he speaks there is a continued coming and going. Members leave their seats and make a little more of their bow to the Speaker than is quite necessary.

Mr. Churchill frets at these irritating tactics, a note of querulous impatience creeps into his speech. In the twinkling of an eye the temperamental House loses interest, and Mr. Churchill's elaborately constructed speech peters out to anticlimax.

WITH a knowledge of these rebuffs, Mr. Churchill has grown more and more uncertain in these latter days. Friends have been telling him to be more serious and sober in the presentation of his case, to curb his passion for daring verbal flights, to flee from the temptation to provoke his opponents—in short, to become a typical Front Bencher.

But this is not Mr. Churchill's line of country. He is never happy except when rearing to the sky a dazzling oratorical edifice word upon word, phrase upon phrase. At his best he is a joy to hear—a perfect artist in words. But try to turn him into a solid advocate and he is a dismal failure.

It is like the great romantic actor trying to become a heavy tragedian. The two gifts are poles asunder.

Try as he may, Winston cannot detach himself from his romantic setting. It colours his whole career. What can you expect from a man with the blood of the great Marlborough in his veins, and for father the brilliant, ill-starred Randolph Churchill? How can he help but dramatise himself?

And yet this is one of the elements in his failure. He annoys the House because he only comes on state occasions, makes his speech and then disappears until there is again an opportunity to shine.

Mr. Churchill's recent decline may, indeed, be said to begin from the day when Mr. Lansbury administered to him that tremendous rebuke about his treatment of the House of Commons, which was approvingly cheered by Members of all Parties.

Mr. Lansbury is no orator, neither in verbal warfare is he any match for Mr. Churchill, but on this occasion the overwhelming sense of the House of Commons was with the veteran Labour leader. Mr. Churchill sat red and uncomfortable under the rebuke.

What is the secret behind Mr. Churchill's present-day failure to respond to the mood of Westminster? Why does he make such errors of taste and judgment?

I do not doubt that bitterness and disappointment are largely responsible. To come back with the swirling tide of a great Tory majority and to find it led by Mr. MacDonald, whom he dislikes and despises, must be gall and wormwood to Winston's proud soul.

Last week he had to sit and listen to Mr. Neville Chamberlain delivering the Budget speech —a dull, solid piece of work. All the time Winston saw himself at the box expounding daring experiments for clearing up the financial mess. But suddenly the day-dream vanished, and Mr. Churchill must have realised he is never likely to be Chancellor of the Exchequer again.

By now, too, Mr. Churchill must have recognised he has backed the wrong horse on India.

MR. BALDWIN, Lord Irwin and Sir Samuel Hoare have rallied the great bulk of moderate Conservative opinion to their side. Mr. Churchill is left stranded with a handful of Die-Hards utterly unrepresentative of the main current of public opinion.

All the time he has to struggle against the deep-set public distrust of one who has changed his Party from time to time. Sir Oswald Mosley suffers from the same handicap.

This I have never considered a fair reflection on either. Men who change sides may often display far greater character and honesty of purpose than the strong Party man who never shifts, however the circumstances may change.

It is, indeed, this trait of independence in Mr. Churchill's character which keeps him out of the inner councils of the Conservative Party. Mr. Churchill thinks too much to be a real leader of Conservatism. He is not prepared to submit his judgment to that of the Tory Whips—and they in consequence find him unsafe and unreliable.

Mr. Churchill has the quick, intuitive mind which sometimes makes devastating mistakes. And yet his is the genius which, yoked to noble purposes, might serve his country well in this emergency.

He must be doing something. He cannot belong to the school of political philosophy which never takes a leap in the dark and which never does anything for fear of committing an error.

All around he sees less able men in positions of place and power—but for him there is no employment in the service of the State, only the emptiness of political exile.

Time presses if Mr. Churchill is to come back to public service and favour. Given the chance he might make a wonderful, colourful dictator. He fancies himself as the man of affairs with power of life and death, but one doesn't quite see the revolution which will push him to the top.

What then will he do? Will he return to his study, finding satisfaction for his restless adventurous spirit in torrents of words, turning his disappointment and chagrin into mellow literary achievement, or will he make another bid for political power?

IF he does decide to shake the dust of politics from off his shoes, literature will gain a notable recruit, for Mr. Churchill has already written many passages of striking beauty and grandeur.

If he decides to fight again he may yet wreck the Conservative Party, even if he does not win himself. But to do this he must regain his old self-possession and confidence, and shake off the fears and hesitations of these latter days.

For the rest he must trust to his lucky star to see him through.

SPORT of a

HOW many people, except those intimately connected with the sport, have any idea of the astonishing growth of pigeon-racing in this country, or of the tremendous amount of money fanciers will spend in an effort to get the best possible birds?

The pigeon-racing season opens this week and from now until the middle of September, week in and week out, there will be thousands of birds up and down the country battling for speed records.

Once upon a time the sport was confined in the main to the Northern counties, where miners and cotton operatives realised its fascination long before it really caught hold in the South.

Phantom fliers

To-day there are hundreds of clubs in and around London alone, and it is an astounding thing that every week during the season there are 50,000 pigeons flying into the Metropolis every week-end.

Think for a moment of a crowd of 50,000 people at a football match, and you will get some idea of the "convoys" that speed through the skies—and yet how many people even notice *one* racing pigeon of those thousands?

Here are just a few of the extraordinary facts concerning this increasingly popular pastime, which is loved and followed with equal devotion by the millionaire and the man who may have to stint himself to the last penny to see that his birds are in good condition.

The "star" pigeon has flown at a speed of almost 100 miles an hour.

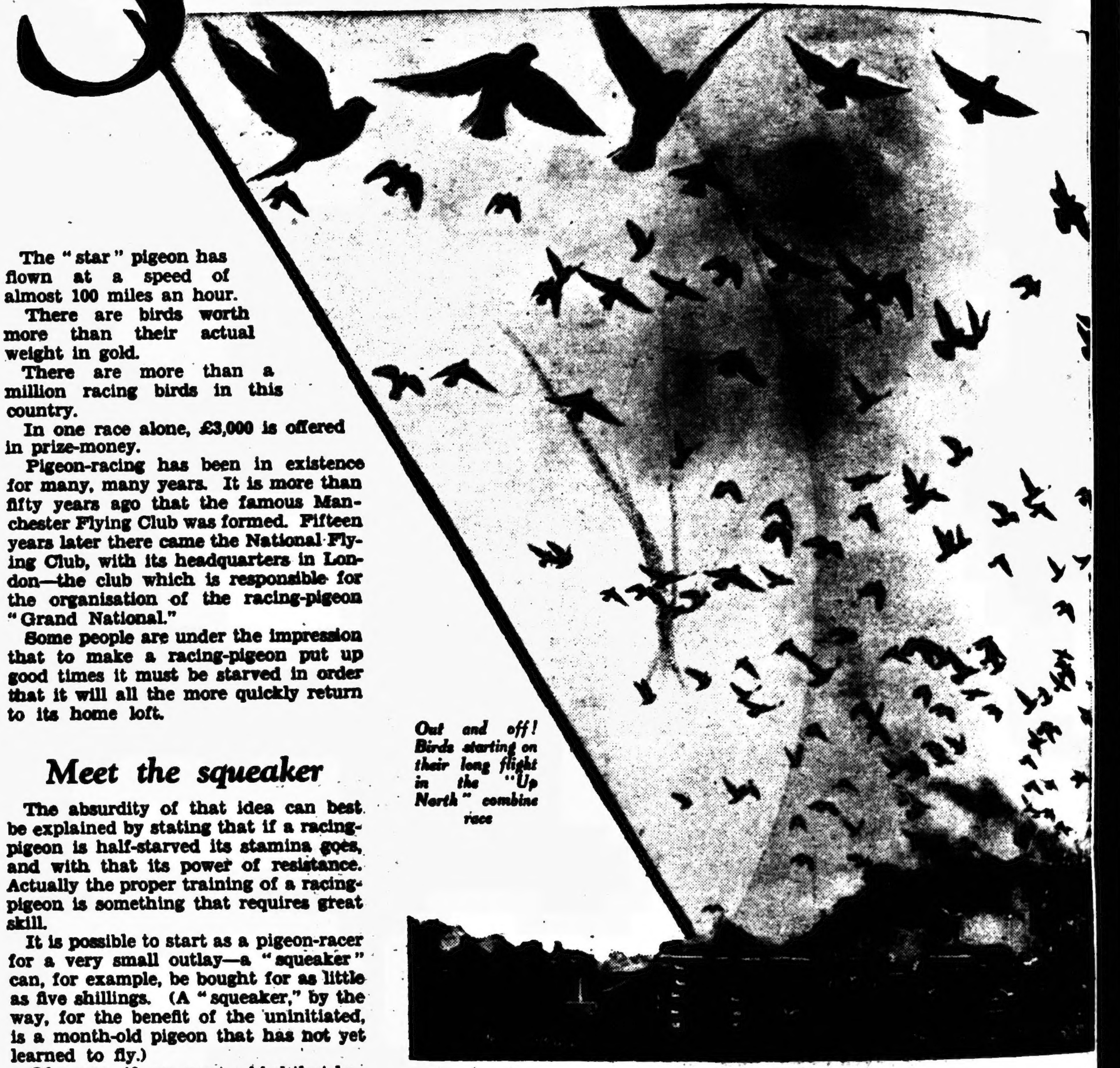
There are birds worth more than their actual weight in gold.

There are more than a million racing birds in this country.

In one race alone, £3,000 is offered in prize-money.

Pigeon-racing has been in existence for many, many years. It is more than fifty years ago that the famous Manchester Flying Club was formed. Fifteen years later there came the National Flying Club, with its headquarters in London—the club which is responsible for the organisation of the racing-pigeon "Grand National."

Some people are under the impression that to make a racing-pigeon put up good times it must be starved in order that it will all the more quickly return to its home loft.



Out and off! Birds starting on their long flight in the "Up North" combine race

Meet the squeaker

The absurdity of that idea can best be explained by stating that if a racing-pigeon is half-starved its stamina goes, and with that its power of resistance. Actually the proper training of a racing-pigeon is something that requires great skill.

It is possible to start as a pigeon-racer for a very small outlay—a "squeaker" can, for example, be bought for as little as five shillings. (A "squeaker," by the way, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a month-old pigeon that has not yet learned to fly.)

Of course, if you want a bird that has a pedigree behind it, then you will have to pay accordingly.

For one which has parents that have won the "Grand National" you would probably have to pay anything up to a ten-pound note.

Once you have bought your month-old bird—supposing you are determined to start the training yourself—the first thing to do is to provide it with an airy loft, and choose a place where there are not many telegraph wires or radio aeriais.

Many a pigeon-fancier has, to his cost, learned that the modern craze for radio has meant death to the pigeon. The birds fly against the wires and in consequence break their necks, or else damage their wings so severely that they have to be destroyed.

First of all the racing-pigeon is allowed to fly in and around its loft until it has become accustomed to the locality.

Then the next thing to do is to take the bird (most fanciers have from a dozen to a hundred birds in their "teams") out in a basket into the country.

Take them only a mile away from their loft to begin with, and then toss them high into the air. They will be home long before you can possibly get there!

Next time, take them for a two-mile trip, and toss them into the air again. From that extend your trip to five miles, then ten miles, then twenty miles.

Each time the bird will be learning... and the amazing homing instinct that is born in it will be developing. Finally, by gradually increasing stages, take or send the bird fifty miles from home. If it reaches its loft in safety, then its period of actual training is at an end, and it is ready to be entered in one of the novice races.

That will be over a distance of eighty miles, and three-months-old birds are quite capable of covering that distance without the slightest distress.

A paying game

Many fanciers keep their birds "fit" by taking them for thirty-mile "tosses" every week, during the mid-week, although not all fanciers believe in this method during the actual racing season.

There are hundreds of clubs a fancier can join, the entrance fee for which is usually a shilling, and on payment of a further small fee a bird can be entered for any race.

That this sport can be both profitable as well as pleasurable is indicated by

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A BOGUS BANKER

TRADESPEOPLE generally and the proprietors of boarding-houses and the smaller type of hotels in particular, should be on their guard against a persistent trickster who is now posing as a bank official.

Cultured, and always well dressed, he passes in the name of Mr. A. White, and in Slough recently he engaged apartments and intimated that he would be remaining in the district for some time.

* * *

He told a story to the effect that he had just arrived from Ipswich, having been transferred to the local branch of a well-known bank in whose employ he claimed to have been for years.

It meant promotion for him, he explained, and he had really been most fortunate in securing the post, for which there had been the keenest competition.

Every day the genial Mr. White went off cheerfully to his supposed work at the bank, and on his return he would regale his landlord with colourful stories of the progress he was making in his new job.

His pleasant manner quickly won the friendship of his landlord, who looked upon him as a steady and reliable boarder.

But within little more than a week the amiable Mr. White had disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid and a little sheaf of dishonoured cheques.

Some of these cheques had been cashed through local tradesmen whose confidence had been won by similar stories in which the bank's name had been misused.

* * *

Almost identical complaints have arisen in other towns which he has lately visited, and it is certain that he will be heard of again very soon.

The fact that he never varies his stories, but always pretends to be a bank official, transferred to a "higher post," should be borne in mind; and anyone who may be approached by him in the circumstances we have described should immediately communicate with the police.

The Self-Help Trick

ALL classes of traders are being victimised by a rogue who uses the business name of S. Davenport and Company, and who changes his premises so frequently that it is almost impossible to trace him.

When last heard of he had an office in Manchester, where he passed as a reputable general merchant.

His business notepaper was decidedly impressive, and he readily furnished trade references which seemed in every way satisfactory.

Because of this he found no difficulty in establishing credit when placing orders for consignments of miscellaneous goods, including watches, typewriters, china, books, hams, furniture, and even chests of tea.

Long before accounts fell due for settlement he quietly closed his offices and disappeared, leaving unsatisfied creditors all over the country.

Meanwhile, with the aid of accomplices, he had disposed of his entire stock for cash.

Enquiry reveals a number of interesting facts.

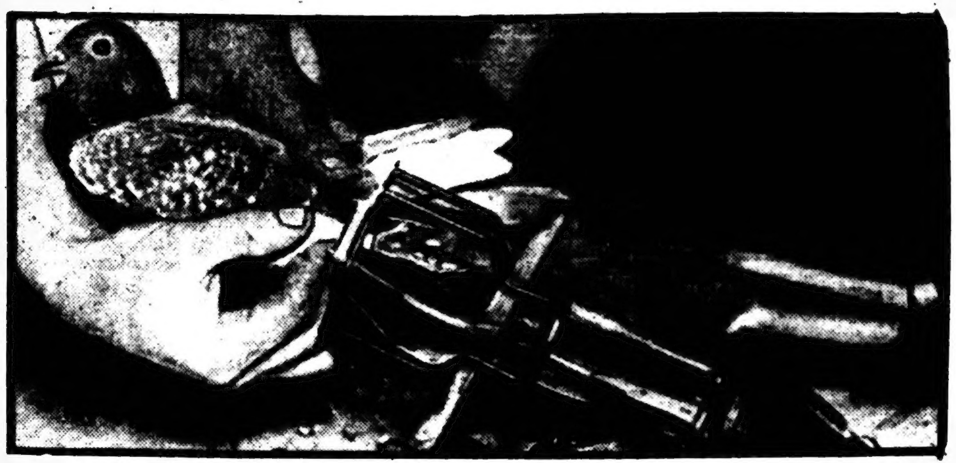
In the first place, the references which carried such conviction, and without which he could never have perpetrated such widespread frauds, have been found to have emanated from various addresses in the Manchester area that were used by him during the few weeks he remained in that city!

And on delving a little more deeply into his career, we find that he has repeated frauds on identical lines in centres like Hull, Leicester and Dover.

Though fond of the name of Stanley Davenport, he has passed in a variety of different aliases. He invariably practises the self-help trick of furnishing his own references from addresses of which he makes only temporary use.

He is certain to crop up again soon, so all traders should be on their guard.

Million WINGS



A racing pigeon has its ring placed on its leg by an automatic machine

—THE PIGEONS' GREAT FLIGHT BEGINS

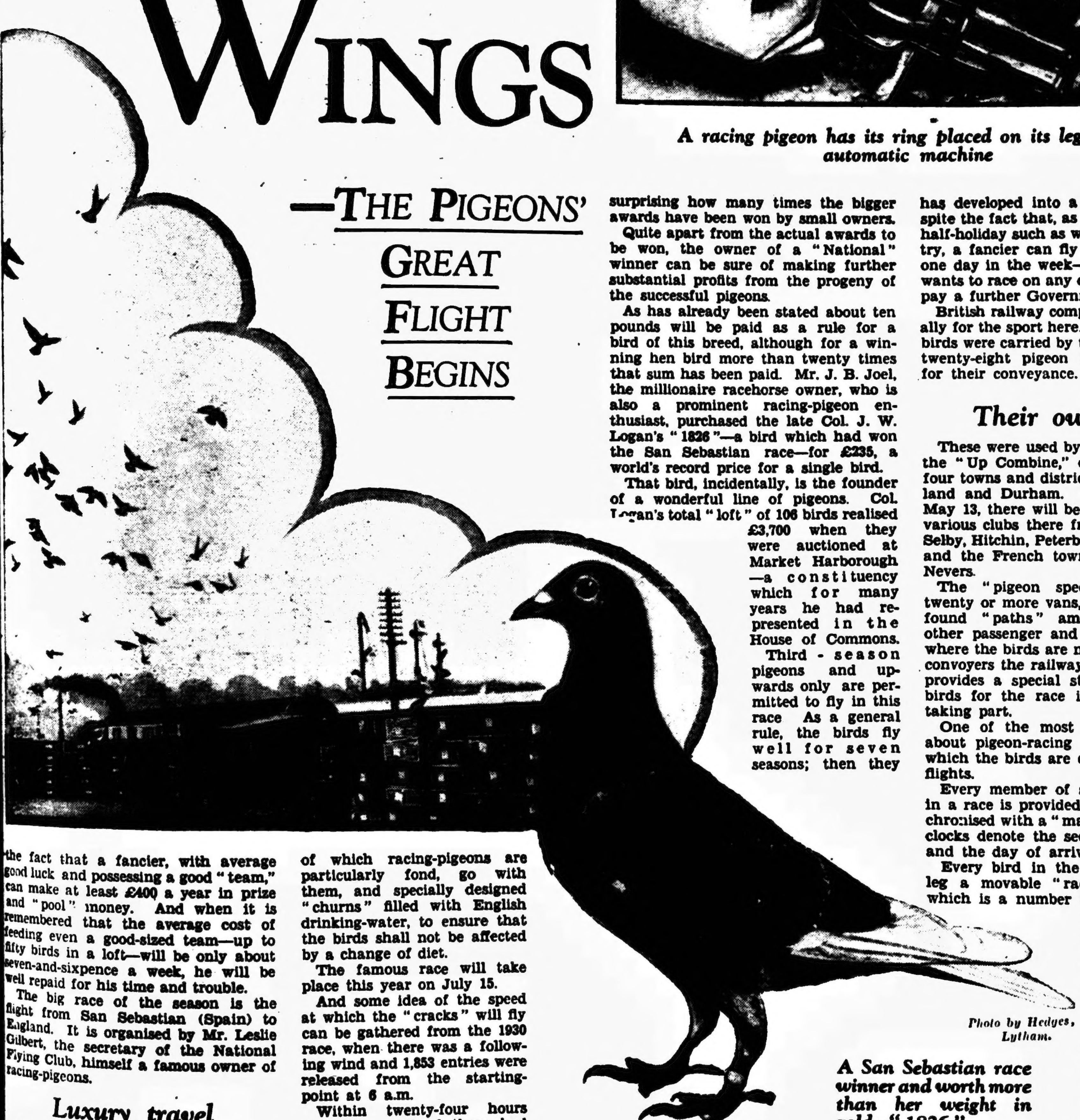


Photo by Hedges, Lytham.

A San Sebastian race winner and worth more than her weight in gold—"1826"

the fact that a fancier, with average good luck and possessing a good "team," can make at least £400 a year in prize and "pool" money. And when it is remembered that the average cost of feeding even a good-sized team—up to fifty birds in a loft—will be only about seven-and-sixpence a week, he will be well repaid for his time and trouble.

The big race of the season is the flight from San Sebastian (Spain) to England. It is organised by Mr. Leslie Gilbert, the secretary of the National Flying Club, himself a famous owner of racing-pigeons.

Luxury travel

He won the Government Challenge Trophy in 1928, given to the owner who has the greatest number of successes on what is known as the "South Road"—which is "flown" by something like 14,000 fanciers during the season—and he is the author of "The Will to Win," a standard work for pigeon-fanciers.

Some idea of the work entailed can be gathered from the fact that on an average there are more than 1,800 entries for the race, and it costs considerably over £200, without counting the outlay on food, to transport the birds to San Sebastian.

They travel in special vans attached to the mail trains (the only pigeons that are given this privilege), and with them travel trained men, whose job it is to see that everything is done to make the journey comfortable.

Half a ton of Tasmanian maple peas, of which racing-pigeons are particularly fond, go with them, and specially designed "churns" filled with English drinking-water, to ensure that the birds shall not be affected by a change of diet.

The famous race will take place this year on July 15.

And some idea of the speed at which the "cracks" will fly can be gathered from the 1930 race, when there was a following wind and 1,853 entries were released from the starting-point at 6 a.m.

Within twenty-four hours more than 400 of them had "clocked in," 640 miles away.

What are the expenses of the "Grand National"? If you want to enter birds for everything that you can possibly win, including the "pools," it will cost £22, but the entry fee alone for the actual race is only ten shillings.

£3,000 prize

The average owner interested in this race generally enters four birds, but some of the bigger fanciers, such as Sir William Jury, will enter twelve. Sir William, by the way, always makes a point of giving whatever prize-money his birds win to the Berkshire Hospital, in which institution he is particularly interested.

It is this race for which £3,000 is offered in prizes and "pools"—and it is surprising how many times the bigger awards have been won by small owners.

Quite apart from the actual awards to be won, the owner of a "National" winner can be sure of making further substantial profits from the progeny of the successful pigeons.

As has already been stated about ten pounds will be paid as a rule for a bird of this breed, although for a winning hen bird more than twenty times that sum has been paid. Mr. J. B. Joel, the millionaire racehorse owner, who is also a prominent racing-pigeon enthusiast, purchased the late Col. J. W. Logan's "1826"—a bird which had won the San Sebastian race—for £235, a world's record price for a single bird.

That bird, incidentally, is the founder of a wonderful line of pigeons. Col. Logan's total "loft" of 106 birds realised £3,700 when they were auctioned at Market Harborough—a constituency which for many years he had represented in the House of Commons.

Third-season pigeons and upwards only are permitted to fly in this race As a general rule, the birds fly well for seven seasons; then they begin to lose their speed. But it is impossible to generalise, because so much depends on the kind of weather which a bird has met with during long contests.

Some birds have put up amazing records, the fastest time so far being accomplished by one which was "clocked" to cover 2,800 yards in a minute!

Great Britain is not alone in its fondness for the sport. Belgium especially is noted for its racing-pigeons, and fanciers cheerfully pay the Government tax of a franc for every bird owned.

Special aeroplanes are at the disposal of the principal Belgian clubs during the season to transport the birds to starting-points for the various races, and they are fitted with aluminium "baskets" to house them. And the sport has developed into a national one, despite the fact that, as there is no official half-holiday such as we get in this country, a fancier can fly his birds only on one day in the week—a Sunday. If he wants to race on any other day, he must pay a further Government tax!

British railway companies cater specially for the sport here. Last year 290,084 birds were carried by the L.N.E.R. alone, twenty-eight pigeon trains being used for their conveyance.

Their own staff

These were used by what is known as the "Up Combine," embracing twenty-four towns and districts in Northumberland and Durham. Every week, from May 13, there will be races held by the various clubs there from such towns as Selby, Hitchin, Peterborough, Newhaven, and the French towns of Amiens and Nevers.

The "pigeon specials" consist of twenty or more vans, which have to be found "paths" among hundreds of other passenger and goods trains, and where the birds are not accompanied by convoyers the railway company actually provides a special staff to release the birds for the race in which they are taking part.

One of the most interesting things about pigeon-racing is the manner in which the birds are checked after their flights.

Every member of a club taking part in a race is provided with a clock, synchronised with a "master" clock. These clocks denote the second, minute, hour and the day of arrival.

Every bird in the race bears on its leg a movable "racing" ring, inside which is a number known only to the officials. It has nothing to do with the number which is borne in the usual way by every racing-pigeon on the *outside* of the immovable identity metal ring which enables the owner to regain his bird if by chance it is lost and does not return to its loft.

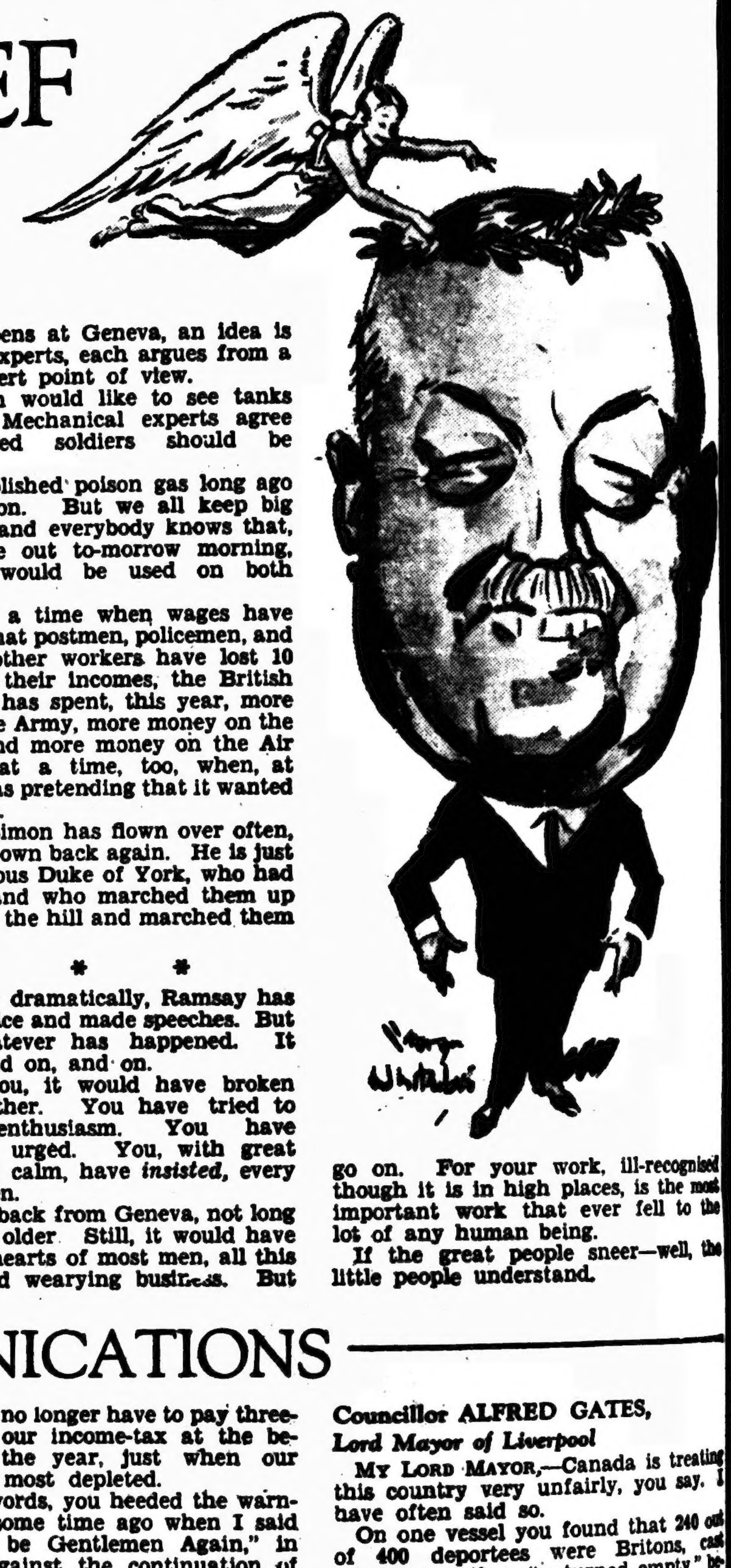
As soon as the pigeon returns to its loft, the "racing" ring is taken off, put into a small box, and placed in a small slot in the clock itself, which is just large enough to take it—but nothing else.

As the box containing the ring slides forward it automatically registers the exact second, minute, hour and day on which the bird returned to its loft. As many as nine birds can be "clocked" in this way, but the mechanism, far less liable to error than human judgment, cannot be provoked to make a slip.

There is a sort of ratchet inside it, which, by a sliding-scale, makes it impossible for substitution of any ring to take place, even supposing a competitor was foolish enough to try to do such a thing

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON

Yours is the CHIEF JOB of ALL



DEAR "UNCLE ARTHUR,"—If we are fed up with all this talk about Disarmament—well, what about you? For we at least do not have to read it. You have to listen every day, while it goes on.

For fourteen months now it has proceeded, with intervals. Yet no one is nearer a solution now than when it started

Well do I remember the great meeting at the Albert Hall, when three Prime Ministers—Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin and David Lloyd George—all spoke at great length, pledging themselves to Disarmament. Everybody cheered.

Since then, there have been vast meetings where the principles of Disarmament were re-endorsed and acclaimed. They cheered, and that is the end.

Now and then there is a Peace Army plan to intimidate the Air Pageant or to go out and stand between the armies of China and Japan or do something equally mad. But Peace is as far away as ever—and Disarmament seems even further off.

* * *

Anyway, you are not to blame. Indeed, your great services in the cause of Peace have just been rewarded with the bestowal upon you of a prize.

You were chosen as the chairman of the Disarmament Conference, not as a member of the Government, as then you were, but as an individual. You were a working-man, and some of the other delegates were statesmen of high lineage. But all Europe knew of your steadfastness, your integrity and your calmness of judgment.

That angered some people in England. Your political enemies found fault with the Conference before it began, because you were to be its president.

Wherever you have Greed, and Envy, and Hatred, then there is always a risk of war

You and I know how great armament firms are mixed up in the business, how because they make vast profits out of selling guns and building warships, they stir up strife between the nations.

* * *

We know, too, how this silly exaggerated Nationalism, a new screen behind which the Strong desire to continue to play upon the Weak, has sown everywhere new seeds of warfare, new perils, new dangers.

The plain truth is that if the peoples of the world sent to Geneva negotiators like yourself and George Lansbury, instead of the humbugs who pretend they want Disarmament, when there is nothing in the world they want less, then a programme could be evolved within a few weeks.

As it is, the nations with big armies advocate the building of fewer warships, and the nations with big navies suggest, almost with glee, the cutting down of the size of armies.

The British Admiralty is anxious to do away with submarines. Small nations retort that submarines are their only defence against big navies, and they want battleships abolished But the British admirals say "battleships are more precious than rubies." Then the international control of civil aviation is opposed by those nations who use aeroplanes a great deal for transport.

Then within the nations, too, there is a similar conflict. When, as so frequently happens at Geneva, an idea is sent to the experts, each argues from a different expert point of view.

Cavalrymen would like to see tanks abolished. Mechanical experts agree that mounted soldiers should be scrapped.

We all abolished poison gas long ago at Washington. But we all keep big stores of it, and everybody knows that, if war broke out to-morrow morning, poison gas would be used on both sides.

Indeed, at a time when wages have been cut so that postmen, policemen, and millions of other workers have lost 10 per cent. of their incomes, the British Government has spent, this year, more money on the Army, more money on the Navy, yes, and more money on the Air Force—and at a time, too, when, at Geneva, it was pretending that it wanted to spend less.

Sir John Simon has flown over often, and he has flown back again. He is just like the famous Duke of York, who had 10,000 men and who marched them up to the top of the hill and marched them down again.

* * *

Then, very dramatically, Ramsay has been over twice and made speeches. But nothing whatever has happened. It drags on, and on, and on.

But for you, it would have broken down altogether. You have tried to stimulate enthusiasm. You have pleaded and urged. You, with great patience and calm, have *insisted,* every now and then.

You came back from Geneva, not long ago, looking older Still, it would have broken the hearts of most men, all this worrying and wearying business. But go on. For your work, ill-recognised though it is in high places, is the most important work that ever fell to the lot of any human being.

If the great people sneer—well, the little people understand.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Bishop WELLDON,
Durham

DEAR BISHOP,—"War has been productive of exalted Christian virtues," you declare. "Parents and teachers should take care that in labouring for peace they do not destroy or impair the noble qualities evoked by warfare."

Is it noble to blind and maim and kill? Must we resort to bloodshed and misery to demonstrate our Christian virtues?

Christ had other views.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD DORAN, M.P.,
South Tottenham, London

DEAR SIR, —You admit frankly that the "Liberator Group" of M.P.s and others which you have formed is a sort of Ku Klux Klan, directed against Jews and Communists.

Whatever its aims, we want no secret political Party here.

And, if you are in favour of the mailed fist, you should resign your seat in Parliament, which is a democratic institution opposed to every form of dictatorship and terrorism.

JOHN BULL.

CHAIRMAN, Wallasey Bench: Your Chief Constable says Wallasey is a paradise for beggars because its people are so kind, but you think they are "soft." I prefer to say soft-hearted.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BILLY MEREDITH,
Manchester

DEAR BILLY,—One of the greatest footballers we have ever known, you were a member of the Manchester City team for 20 years, scored 300 goals, and won the Cup for the City in 1904.

Yet when you asked your old club to sell you two half-guinea tickets for this year's final, all it offered you were two half-crown ones.

You declined them, and think you were treated shabbily. So do I.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I want to draw your attention to the case of a Hull barman who, refusing to pay a fine of £10, has gone to prison for 51 days.

He made a false declaration to get unemployment benefit. I hold no brief for "dole" swindlers, but if this man had admitted receiving 2s. 6d. a day for a few hours' work, his benefit would have been reduced by 4s 6d. a day!

No one can dispute the injustice and idiocy of that fact It's your duty to sweep away such regulations, and without delay.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. REGISTRAR MELLOR,
London Bankruptcy Court

DEAR SIR,—Out of ten bankrupts you examined recently, only one was British-born.

That was bad enough. But I know that there are some 3,000 professional bankrupts operating in this country, and very many of these swindlers—who cause losses of millions of pounds each year—are of foreign blood.

You will agree with me, I know, that it is high time the law was amended to stop this monstrous exploitation of the British public.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR NEVILLE,—Thanks to your Budget, we shall no longer have to pay three-quarters of our income-tax at the beginning of the year, just when our pockets are most depleted.

In other words, you heeded the warning I gave some time ago when I said "We Can't be Gentlemen Again," in protesting against the continuation of the so-called "Gentleman's agreement."

In stepping backward in this matter you have really gone forward. Now be logical and take a similar step in the right direction by giving the country a lead in the restoration of wage-cuts.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. W. H. SMEDLEY,
Grimsby

DEAR CAPTAIN,—For years you have borne the distressing task of breaking the news to families of brave fishermen who have lost their lives.

You have not only visited two thousand homes on this errand, but done invaluable work in looking after the orphaned children.

I'm sorry that you have now decided to go into retirement—but you deserve it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PETER O'DOWD,
London, W.

DEAR PETER,—Perhaps the magistrate was a little unkind when he reproached you for your "calf-love," since you are a jockey aged nearly forty.

But it certainly was a curious form of devotion to break the windows of your sweetheart's house.

One word of advice, Peter. "Caveman stuff" may be successful in novels, but it isn't in real life. And next time the magistrate certainly wouldn't let you off.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor ALFRED GATES,
Lord Mayor of Liverpool

MY LORD MAYOR,—Canada is treating this country very unfairly, you say. I have often said so.

On one vessel you found that 240 out of 400 deportees were Britons, cast adrift, or, rather, "returned empty" because they had fallen on bad times in Canada.

Such a scandal would have been averted if Canada and our own emigration officials had given them a square deal in the first place.

JOHN BULL.

Troop-Leader JOHN McCRACKEN,
117th Manchester Boy Scouts

DEAR JOHN,—For fourteen years you have suffered uncomplainingly from spinal trouble, knowing that you can never be cured.

Now the Chief Scout has chosen you to receive the Cromwell Decoration for courage, capability and character.

He knows, as I do, that the greatest heroism is not necessarily the most spectacular.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DOUGLAS COWBURN,
South London Coroner

DEAR CORONER,—I agree that some motorists do not seem to realise that blind, infirm, or deaf people are entitled to cross the road

But it's no use shutting our eyes to the fact that many of our roads are dangerous to such people, no matter how careful motorists may be.

In these days of great traffic congestion infirm people should, wherever possible, be escorted by a companion.

JOHN BULL.

THE RIDDLE of MR. Justice McCardie

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. JUSTICE McCARDIE delivered so many homilies to the world while he was living that I may be excused for taking him as a text for a homily now he is dead.

There were few evenings when the courts were sitting that I did not see him.

We dined at the same club, and though we were never intimate, we enjoyed that kind of casual acquaintance that club life fosters.

I liked to see him come into the room with that bright, intense, rather ironical glance that he threw around him, and if I had been asked to name those among my acquaintances who found life a cheerful experience he would have had a high place in the list.

Rebecca West once grouped men into two categories—Cheerful Coves and Melancholy Blokes In such a grouping Mr. Justice McCardie would certainly have been included in the Cheerful Coves. His gifts were great, his success enviable, his friends abundant, his talk gay, his laughter infectious.

Depression's victim?

True, he was a bachelor, which is a poor state of life; but many bachelors seem quite happy. Indeed, Sir Harry Poland, another famous lawyer, used to claim that he had lived to the brink of a century because he had had the sense to remain unmarried.

That, of course, was nonsense, for the statistics show that the married man's prospects of life are better at all ages than those of the bachelor.

Still, people do not commit suicide because they are bachelors, nor does a well-disciplined mind, like that of Mr. Justice McCardie, yield to a temporary depression such as that induced by attacks of influenza, from which he had suffered.

Some trouble more permanent than a passing physical weakness must have driven him off his balance, and, in the absence of any special personal affliction, it is reasonable to suppose that he was a victim of the gloom that has fallen upon the world in these days.

There are many such. Suicide in this country has increased by 40 per cent. since the decade before the War. In the years 1911-20 there were only 8 cases per million of the population annually. In 1925 they had risen to 105 per million. in 1929 to 126, and in 1930 to 127. And they are still rising.

In Germany, of course, the figures are vastly higher, and all over the world the disposition to "shuffle off this mortal coil" is on the increase.

Much of this tendency, especially in Germany, is due to the sheer hardships of life. Unemployment is a prolific cause of it. Nothing is more calculated to produce the spirit of despair that leads to the gas-oven or some other convenient means of exit than aimless years of waiting for something to turn up.

Loss of—faith

But apart from the cases attributable to actual distress, much of the increase is due to the spiritual disquiet of the times which affects the intellectual classes even more than the working classes, and it is highly probable that the case of Mr. Justice McCardie belongs to this category.

It is a disquiet that is felt with especial acuteness by the elderly and the sensitive. They have seen the world they knew wrecked apparently beyond repair. Its political and economic structure has been shattered, its institutions overthrown, its ideas repudiated The faith in Churches has gone with the faith in Parliaments, and everywhere there is a distrust of men and of systems.

The sense of stability in men's affairs has vanished and we seem to be living perilously on the brink of incalculable things. Economic war is everywhere, and the nations are all alike engaged in the game of beggar-my-neighbour, regardless of the fact that in beggaring their neighbour they beggar themselves.

It is not a pretty world, and it is small wonder that a spirit of disillusion with life and despair of the future is abroad. Nevertheless, I think the expedient of the gas-oven and the shotgun is a pitiable way of evading it. And this for many reasons.

In the first place, in spite of its troubles, even because of its troubles, this is a great time to be alive. We are passing through the most tremendous and creative adventure that has ever happened to humanity. We are spinning history at a speed and on a scale that it has never been spun before.

In the years since 1914—that is, in a period so short that it is covered by the life of those who have not yet come of age—there have been vaster changes in the political, social, economic, and even spiritual life of the world than have taken place in any previous century, or even two centuries.

A new world, a new social order, a new scale of values and ideas is being born, and born in a hurry. It is a difficult parturition, and the pangs are many.

Foolish things are being done, wild experiments are being tried, but I have sufficient faith in human destiny to believe that we are not merely destroying but that we are creating, and that the next chapter of our history will show that the agony of this generation was not in vain.

Victory will come

I believe this on sound historical grounds. This is not the first time the world has been in tumult. It is true that it has never been in tumult on this scale before, for not until now have the triumphs of science over space and matter made the whole world one and engulfed it in a common disaster.

But tumults there have always been. There is not a century in our history without periods when red ruin and the breaking of laws filled men with fears that the end of all things had come, and sent them to the gas-oven or overseas to escape the final catastrophe. And always at the end humanity has emerged from the struggle with new gains in liberty, well-being, and civilised organisation.

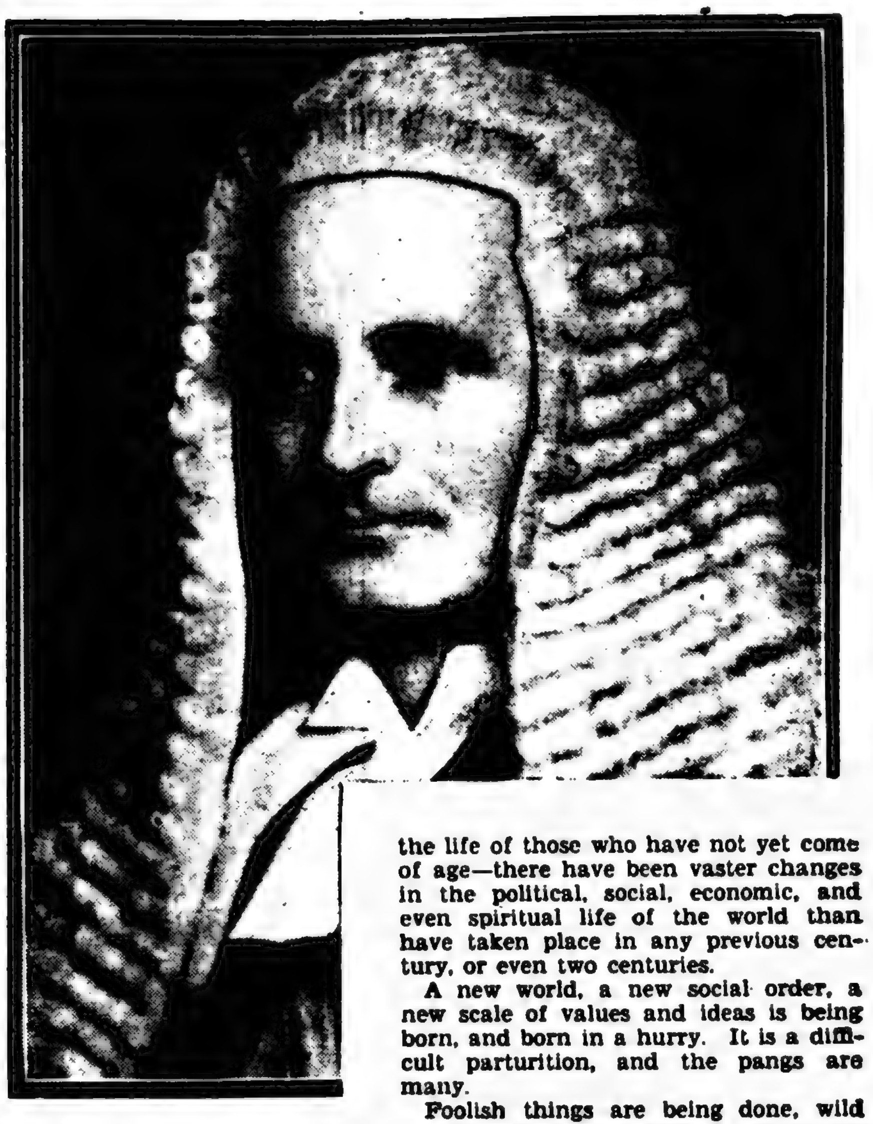
It will be so now. The battle is vaster and fiercer this time because the issue is greater. It is no longer a local affair of this nation or that. It is a world war for a new world order.

See it through!

We can no longer live isolated in our separate little cubby-holes. Science and the conquest of matter have made us all so interdependent that we must all sink or swim together. What we are dimly reaching out to is the vision of the poet—"the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world." It is not easy to achieve, for our nationalisms block the way. But the goal is clear, and it must be reached, for there is no other basis on which a civilised society can ever exist again. And I refuse to believe that civilised society is doomed.

This is no time for shirking the battle or giving up hope. Like Mr. Britling, we must "see it through." We must keep cool heads and stiff upper lips. In the vast task of salvaging the wreck that the war made of the world, this country has the greatest rôle to play.

Let us play it manfully.



"His gifts were great, his success enviable, his friends abundant, his talk gay, his laughter infectious . . ."

Not from the B.B.C.—Jacob Epstein says:

Put Me Among the Gods

SOME call me of sculptors the greatest,
Some say my cognomen is Mud,
But all come to gaze at my latest
And hail me as "Master" or "dud."
give them each year a "sensation,"
At which each poor Philistine blinks,
hen turn to their quaint indignation
The smile of a sphinx.

hey tell me no woman and no man
Is like to some figures I've done;
hey sneer that I'm merely a showman,
A Cochran and Barnum in one.
How ugly!" they cried of my "Rima,"
But straight I bewildered each churl—
r "Genesis" soon made her seem a
Quite beautiful girl!

And so I have gone on teasing them om year to year. The critics can never e certain whether I have my tongue in y cheek or my fingers to my nose, and hey sometimes suspect that I am pulling eir legs and pushing my own barrow the same time.

When my bird fountain was unveiled was freely predicted that Rima ould scare the birds away, and it as felt that I had done my worst to turn Hyde Park into Jekyll-and-Hyde Park. My statues, "Night" and "Day," were promptly renamed "Nightmare" and "Doomsday," and when I showed "Genesis" people were left wondering what monstrosities were in store if I decided to work my way right through to Revelations.

Always it has been my lot to be misunderstood, as much by the arty-crafty women and he-he men of Bloomsbury and Chelsea as by the ordinary Philistine who thinks that Epstein is the man who discovered the theory of Relativity.

Most of the critics have been equally at sea—when they have not been balancing on a see-saw. Like the muddle-headed mutts who accused Whistler of flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public, they accuse me of flinging chunks of stone at 'em. Well, if I do, and hollow heads are injured in the process, I refuse to shed tears.

Needless to say my latest exhibition has got the critics guessing. Confronted on the one hand with figures like "Oriel" and "Isabel," which are admitted to be exquisite, and on the other by "Primeval Gods," with a central figure resembling a petrified King Kong—faced with these contrasts, even the youngest critic is moved to doubt his own infallibility.

Of course, the real reason I am so much discussed is that I have the gift of breathing life into bronze and stone. I have jazzed up sculpture to such an extent that I may well be known to posterity as Jacob Pepstein. So the critics, whether or not they like—or even understand—me, cannot help writing about me.

What would they do without me
Who scribble in the Press?
What do they know about me?
They come and peer and guess
At what may be my "meaning,"
And then proceed to find
Thoughts that I never knew I'd thought!
But, still, my work is duly bought,
And so I do not mind.

Whate'er I do I shock them,
And when with puzzled nods
They seek for clues, I mock them,
For I am of the gods!
So while each clown and critic
Talks glibly through his hat
Whenever works of mine are shown,
With mighty blocks of bronze and stone
I lay the blighters flat!

SPRUCENESS
WITHOUT
STICKINESS

Beware of using fixatives containing grease. It discolours the hair, soils linen, and attracts dust. Always insist on Anzora. Just a little of the 'first and finest' fixative masters the hair from morning until night—keeps it spruce, smooth, and glossy. Contains no grease. Doesn't soil linen.

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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A BEAUTY Bucket-Shop

IT is a far cry from an exclusive Bond Street perfumier's to the Channel Islands, and there is a vast difference between the marketing of beauty preparations and a sharepushing campaign.

Yet all are strangely linked in an enquiry which my department has just concluded.

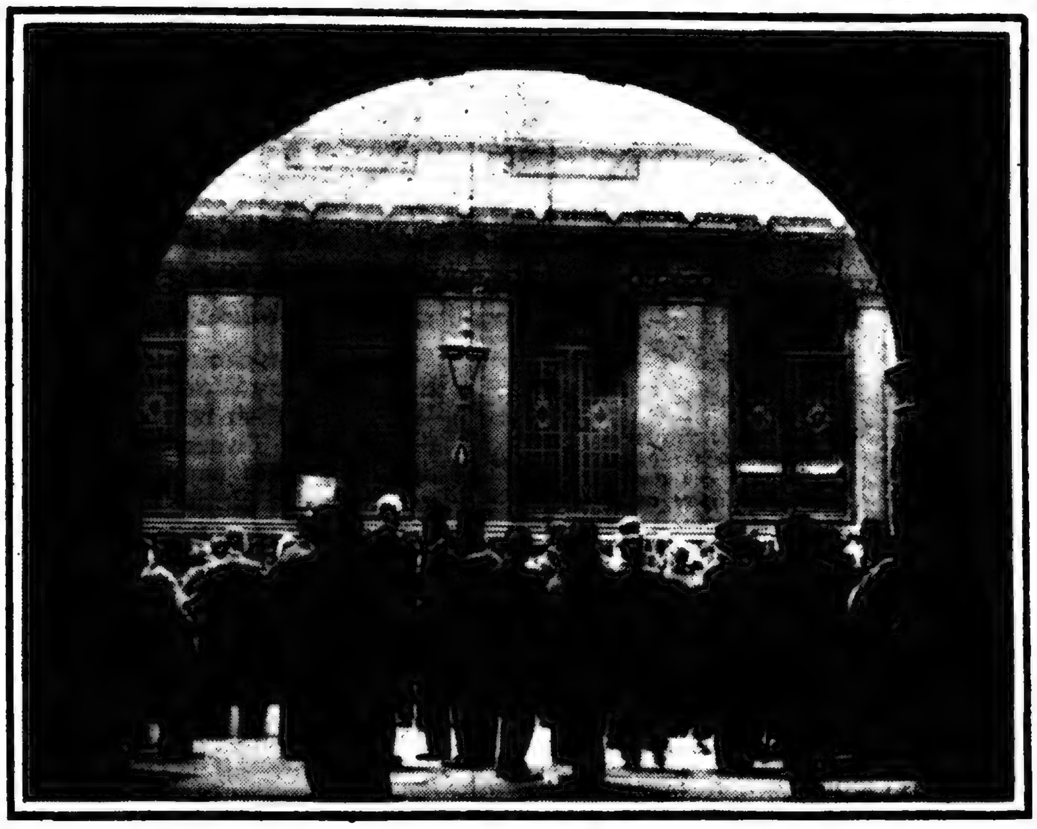
This investigation began when attention was called to the unusual operations of a concern known as John Dew, Ltd., whose headquarters at 180, New Bond Street, London, seemed to be a gathering place for a number of decidedly queer people.

On the surface, the leading light of this firm is a Mr. Albert Distleman, whose chief aim in life, according to the company's registered particulars, is to market various new toilet and beauty preparations.

These include "John Dew Milk Soap," toothpaste, shaving cream, milk complexion soap, foundation cream, hair lotion and liquid eyeblack.

I am not so much concerned with the merits of these preparations as with the activities of some of the people associated with John Dew, Ltd., whose latest enterprises certainly call for comment.

John Dew, Ltd., was formed as recently as last summer to enter into an agreement with Mr. Albert Distleman for acquiring the trade name of "John Dew," certain toilet and perfumery processes and secrets and, among other things, all fixtures of the business previously run in that name.



With characteristic impudence the company used an office within a stone's-throw of the London Stock Exchange, which you see here

Food for thought

The authorised capital of the company is £25,000 and under this agreement £20,000 worth of shares automatically became the property of Mr. Distleman.

This represented £19,650 as the purchase price of his processes, etc., and £350 for the fixtures.

As no one in the trade knew much of the John Dew toilet secrets it seems, to say the least, extremely generous of John Dew, Ltd., to hand over the bulk of its shares to Mr. Distleman—especially as the selling value was so problematical and competition in the sale of beauty preparations so keen.

Nevertheless, £20,000 in shares thus changed hands for "all Mr. Distleman's knowledge, the imprint of John Dew Milk Soap, wrappings, seal, signature and general design."

As to the fixtures, these consisted of "a walnut desk, Underwood typewriters, carpets in the inner office, electrical fittings and appliances in the inner office."

If there was plenty of food for thought in these initial arrangements, still more is provided by subsequent developments.

Under a new agreement, filed recently at Somerset House, John Dew, Ltd., relinquishes its ownership of all the valuable things purchased from Mr. Distleman.

These have passed to an entirely new company that has since been registered under Guernsey law, thus enjoying a certain immunity from official supervision that would not be possible were it registered in this country.

Turn them down!

It is known as John Dew Products, Ltd., and, in view of what I know about some of the people interested in the venture—and the following facts, which speak for themselves—I should be surprised if there is not shortly a concerted effort to peddle the new company's shares.

As they are not quoted on the Stock Exchange in London, I strongly urge readers who may be approached in this connection to shun all offers, however attractively they may be put to them.

But there is much more ground for comment, quite apart from the strange birth and development of this concern.

Mr. Albert Distleman's position at the New Bond Street office is only a secondary one. Indeed, it is remarkable to find him there at all, for prior to his advent into commercial circles as a perfumery expert with secret processes for sale, he had been no stranger to the inside of a jail.

He is, in fact, quite well known to the police, and it would be interesting to know where he gained his alleged knowledge of perfumes and toilet preparations.

Former schemes

But a much more engaging personality than Distleman at the New Bond Street offices of John Dew, Ltd., is a man who for years has enjoyed an international reputation as a veritable prince of sharepushers.

He may blush unseen (so far as the public is concerned) in the affairs of John Dew, but he is undoubtedly the guiding spirit in its destinies.

He is Mr. Sydney William Tanfield, about whom I am able to reveal quite a lot.

I do not think I am overstating the case if I say that his connection with any proposition should be sufficient to prompt people to leave it alone.

He has been associated with numerous disastrous undertakings, and at one time worked in very close harmony with that notorious financier, Jacob Factor.

Scotland Yard has a formidable dossier of information about his operations and my own file is anything but slender.

Indeed, there have been so many past ventures in which Tanfield has figured with discredit that it is something of a problem to know which to select by way of example.

A few which spring readily to mind are the Bahamas Trust, Ltd.; National Chemical Holdings, Ltd.; the Cambrian Oil Company and the Porcupine-Midfield Gold Mine, Ltd

In most of these fortunes were supposed to be reaped from the exploitation of properties abroad, but in point of fact the unsuspecting victims have had to bear losses which, in the aggregate, have been colossal.

Tanfield is in his forties now, but when he was little more than thirty he amassed, after incurring the displeasure of the authorities in Toronto, Chicago, New York and Paris, a fortune of a quarter of a million pounds, mostly from companies whose shares, if not worthless, were highly speculative.

One of the most amazing coups of his career was when, with the aid of nominees like Distleman and a corps of travelling touts, he succeeded in saddling unwary investors with countless 3s. 6d. shares at £1 a time!

Some idea of the company he favours is evidenced by the fact that a crooked financier named Richard de Castro, who evaded arrest for years, but who is now serving a sentence of penal servitude, was a constant visitor to his New Bond Street headquarters.

Another frequent visitor was a former close companion of Mark Godfrey, alias Sidney Skylinsky, who is likewise now undergoing a long term of imprisonment for audacious swindling.

Another person who has frequented the John Dew office is one of the hirelings of a man named Albert Wagstaff, who, for some considerable time, has traded in the City and in certain provincial towns as "L. Briggs and Co., stock and share brokers."

While I do not pretend to know the nature of the connection between the John Dew coterie and L. Briggs and Co., I am not in the least surprised to learn that the gravest complaints are now being lodged against this second concern regarding some of its astonishing operations.

Not much hope

Wagstaff has carried on his recent operations from London offices in Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, within a stone's-throw of the Stock Exchange.

In his name or in the name of L. Briggs and Co. people in different parts of the country have been visited within recent months by expert salesmen whose purpose has been to induce them to invest in companies in which speedy and handsome returns were prophesied.

Though many thousands of pounds have been invested in this way the promised profits have not materialised, and some of the victims are now complaining to the police to the effect that far from gaining any dividends, they have never even received their shares!

Mr. Wagstaff could no doubt explain a great deal, but since complaints became rife, he and his staff have not been in evidence at his Throgmorton Street offices.

Enquiry on the spot does not yield much hopeful information, for one recent caller was told: "I don't think you'll see them again—they've bolted."

About three weeks ago one dupe obtained a receiving order against Wagstaff, but he continues to remain elusive. Even an adjudication in bankruptcy has not moved him.

He has treated the court with utter contempt and refused to come forward with any explanation for his conduct.

Though firms like L. Briggs and Co., companies registered in Guernsey, and share ramps of all kinds are being repeatedly controlled by Tanfield through nominees like Distleman, he never seems to turn a hair.

Be warned

And on the proceeds of his many enterprises he has been able to take regular holidays at Palm Beach and on the Continent.

When in London he moves about the West End like any genuine business man of wealth, frequenting the best hotels and fashionable restaurants.

I hope, however, that in this instance I am just in time to put the investing public on its guard against the impudent operations he is now directing.

SHABBY!

THERE are some firms which still resort to the practice of advertising a salaried post when they have no intention of abiding by the stipulated terms.

The latest instance of this is provided by a Coventry reader, Mr. L. Green, who recently answered an advertisement calling for a "Branch Manager," and subsequently received a letter from a Birmingham firm intimating that the post would carry £3 a week, plus £2 for expenses.

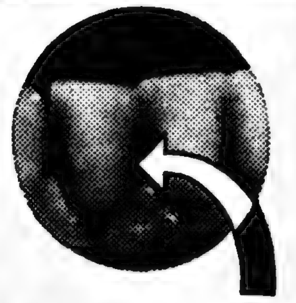
It was only after he had journeyed specially to Birmingham for an interview that he learnt that he could only be appointed on a commission basis.

When he protested he was told that the salary offer was made simply "to attract the right type of men."

He wisely decided that this was the wrong type of employer and declined the offer without thanks.

It is monstrous that unemployed men should be treated in this shabby fashion, and employers who adopt such devices should realise that they are being downright dishonest.

Let them advertise definitely that their jobs are "commission only" and they will then get the type of employee they deserve!



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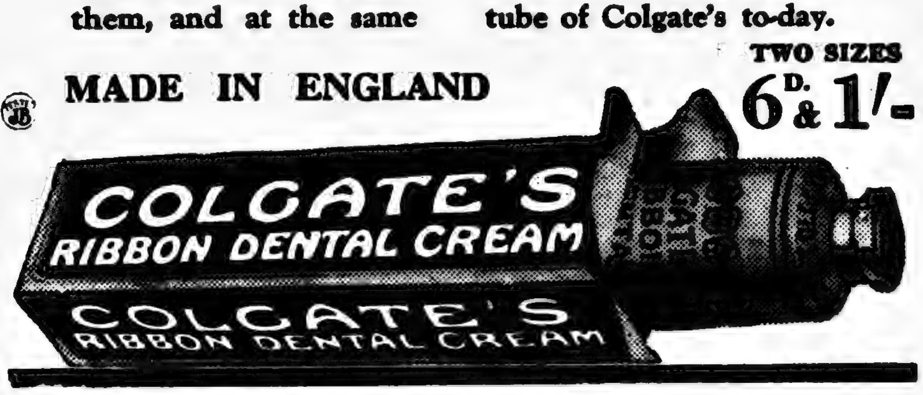

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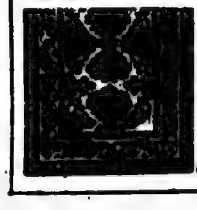

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ASYLUM REVOLT: Atrocious Sequel

Caterham Asylum, where sane James Jennings (above) has been placed in the company of epileptics and maniacs

NEVER surely has there been such an exhibition of official savagery as has just been given in the case of Mr. James Jennings, of Essex Street, Shoreditch, London.

A few days ago, without any reason except that some hidebound officials thought their authority had been treated with disrespect, Jennings, a tall athletic man of twenty-nine, was seized while at work and, without anyone being informed, was cast into an asylum among lunatics of the lowest and wildest types.

In his terrible surroundings he may be driven really insane unless quick action in Parliament is taken to order his release.

The astounding explanation is that Jennings took French leave from an asylum where he had been detained since boyhood, and the inmates of the place in a form of revolt asked that they also should have their freedom to prove their sanity.

If the life experiences of James Jennings do not prove the abuse and tyranny with which the mental services of this country are administered, no other case will do so.

Fifteen years ago, when Jennings was about fourteen, his teacher reported to the school doctor that the boy, although strong, bright and intelligent, was unusually slow and hesitating when reading aloud in the classroom.

He became one of the first victims of the instructions given about that time by the lunacy authorities to doctors in official positions to deal with children who were backward in lessons as mental defectives.

Many thousands of boys and girls have been sentenced to life-long detention since that frightful device to fill the asylums was conceived.

Young Jennings was ordered in the first place to join a special school for mentally afflicted children.

The instincts of the healthy boy revolted naturally against the place to which he was sent. His new companions and class-fellows were idiots and imbeciles.

Vain protests

He ran away only a few weeks before he reached school-leaving age. Without any trouble, he obtained a situation at once as an apprentice in a saw-mill.

But the lunacy laws had been outraged. Authority stretched out its hands and took the parents to court for "failing to educate" their son.

The parents protested in vain against the boy being forced to mix with half-witted children merely because he could not read fluently. "It is the law," said the magistrates.

In this declaration these magistrates were entirely wrong, as many magistrates are to-day in such cases. It is only the law *as it is interpreted by the lunacy bureaucrats* for the sole purpose of finding recruits to pack the asylums and justify their enormous waste of public money.

A lunacy representative was in court and demanded that the boy be kept in custody. After a month in a prison remand home he was sent from London to an institution in Birmingham for two years, until he reached the age of sixteen.

Thousands of orders are made every year by magistrates for young persons to be detained in reformatories, industrial schools and similar institutions until they reach a certain age.

These orders are only worthless scraps of paper in the eyes of the lunacy administrators. They have arranged that when children in these places arrive at the age stipulated for their release, they shall be examined by lunacy agents.

Most of them, in consequence, are never surrendered as the magistrates intended, but are certified and transferred to lunatic asylums.

As usual, this happened in the case of James Jennings. When he became sixteen he was taken from Birmingham under escort to have a few minutes' farewell of his dying father, and was then consigned to an asylum in Kent.

There he was trained as a plumber and electrician under a private contractor who was responsible for constructional and repair work at the asylum.

JOHN BULL has often exposed the fact that young men and women in mental institutions are hired out without reward as servants to people who are friends of the officials. Usually they are sent out as gardeners or domestic workers.

This form of slave labour at the taxpayers' expense reached its limit in the case of Jennings.

The contractor was also building private housing estates in the district, and when the youth acquired skill he was employed to lay pipes, fit bathrooms and the like in these residences. His wages were a few cigarettes daily!

Fourteen months ago, after as many years in captivity, Jennings was allowed forty-eight hours' leave to go home because his mother was gravely ill.

At the end of the brief holiday, the first he had ever been given, his mother showed no prospect of recovery, and a message was sent to the asylum that, as her eldest son, he would remain with her to the end.

A telegram came in reply ordering him to return at once. He did not do so.

A few hours later, at two o'clock in the morning, a policeman arrived at the house and stated that the asylum superintendent had telephoned an order for the arrest of Jennings.

At that moment Jennings was seated by his mother's deathbed. The policeman went away without a prisoner.

After his mother's funeral, Jennings decided that he would use his first spell of liberty for fourteen years to prove that he was completely sane and competent to take his place in the community. After all, his only "offence" as a boy was that he could not read very quickly.

To establish his ability most convincingly, he sought for and obtained the most hazardous work available. He was given permanent employment by a firm of window cleaners.

No secret was made by Jennings of this fact. The lunacy authorities were informed. They raised no objection whatever, and even showed their concurrence by arranging that he should be seen periodically at his home by a welfare visitor

Ordered back

So for fourteen months Jennings has earned an excellent livelihood. Daily, he scaled the walls of some of London's highest buildings, and, his employers testify, always performed his dangerous duties safely and well. He has also become engaged to be married and got a home ready to receive his bride.

Then, some weeks ago, there was trouble at the institution where Jennings was last detained. Many of the inmates declared they were being wrongfully held prisoner, and, pointing to the case of Jennings making his way in the outside world, they demanded also to be released.

Hurt dignity

News of the "revolt" reached the high lunacy officials. Their dignity was hurt when they learned that their subordinates had acquiesced in Jennings, their captive since boyhood, remaining at liberty for fourteen months.

Sane or insane, they ordered him to be found and brought back.

Two weeks ago, Jennings was at work upon a building in the East End of London. Two lunacy officers in plain clothes arrived and shouted to him to descend.

When he came down to the street they pounced upon him, pulled off his overalls and, leaving his ladders and other apparatus where they were, marched him off.

No intimation of this extraordinary arrest was sent to his relatives or friends. After a week they traced him to an asylum at Caterham, in Surrey.

On going there they were appalled by Jennings' appearance. They were taken to him by warders who had to unlock door after door and lock them again as the party passed through.

He had been placed in the worst part of the asylum, among epileptics and maniacs, and made to witness scenes so revolting that he could not eat or sleep.

Dire threat

Jennings' relatives were treated with scorn when they protested. The threat was even made that if any of them dared further to challenge the lunacy administration, steps would be taken to have them criminally prosecuted and imprisoned!

Official revenge upon the boy, who could not read aloud and who proved that his fourteen years' incarceration was a damnable injustice, will be complete if he is now driven to insanity.

This is a case which demands the instant attention of both the Home Secretary and the Minister of Health, and JOHN BULL is making the facts known to these Ministers.

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That is the feeling of opening a £1,250 telegram, described by Mr. George Woods, of "Malolo," St. Edmund's Road, Felixstowe. JOHN BULL sent that telegram, advising him that, subject to scrutiny, he alone had entered an all-correct solution of our 208th Crossword.

"I had not even checked my solution copies before receiving the telegram," he says, "so I was not expecting the good news."

Mr. Woods and his wife have long been entering for Crosswords and "Bullets," but two years ago he retired from his post as station-master on the L. and N.E. Railway and began a persistent attack on the JOHN BULL squares.

"The old saying, 'All things come to those who wait' has glued me to Crosswords," he says. "I never got amongst the runners-up, but recently I felt I was getting a bit 'hot,' having on three occasions made only two errors.

"I think the study of 'Compiler's Corner' in the *Crossword Gazette* has tuned me up, with the result I received your wonderful telegram."

A believer in family co-operation when tackling Crosswords, Mr. Woods first works out all possible answers to the clues. Then he and his wife decide upon what they consider the best answers to enter.

And this common interest in competitions has now brought them a fortune of £1,250 cash, which, Mr. Woods states, will be used "to clear off our commitments and make our future secure."

Mr. Woods is the third competitor in three successive weeks to win our great Crossword prize outright. His choice was the lump sum, but your preference may be for £500 cash and £100 a year for life. Turn to page 36 now, secure a regular supply of our free weekly *Crossword Gazette* and let this week's entertaining problem bring you the choice of two huge prizes.

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HOSIERY, Underwear, etc. Buy for resale. 20-50 p.c. profit; no risk. Catlg. free.—Rayon Silk Co. (Dept. J.B.), 9, Friday St., Cheapside, E.C.4.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 7526.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
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Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics., Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5' 9"), write for Free Police Handbook, B.T.I., (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commence over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

PROFITABLE HOBBY—making gold wire bead necklets, etc. Send 1½d. stamp for sample and instructions, J. B., Bead Importer, 60, Fairbank Road, Bradford.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upward), write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BAKING, Confectionery, Piping.—Postal training in modern methods. Plains, Fancies, Decorating, all branches covered. Exclusive, labour-saving mixings. Write for partics., C. P. Ede, Secretary, Bennett Bakery School, Halliwell Road, Bolton. The Largest & Leading Practical School.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

AMAZING VALUE.—Sports Wool 1d. oz. Value 4½d. Blk. 6-ply Rug Wool 8d. lb. Send 1d. P.C. for samples and Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready. Write for FREE book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

AN AMAZING OFFER! Your Old Tennis Racket taken as part payment on any make of new.—Write, GREEN & WINTER, Sports Specialists, ST. ALBANS.

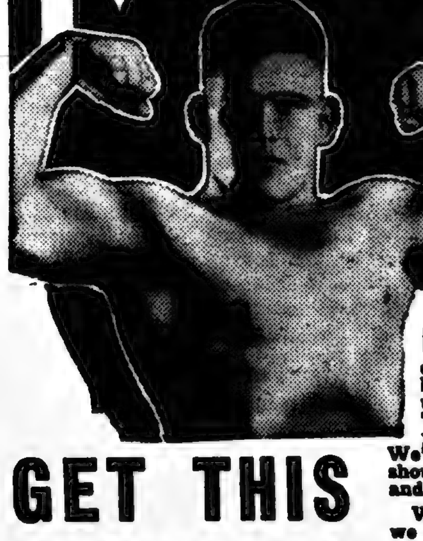
WALLPAPERS.—Wonder Book of Patterns for 1933 sent post free. All papers English Made.—Write to the original mail order firm.—Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

FREE.—Write to "232," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2, for a copy of the "232" and "Sandom" booklet, which will explain how you can be well dressed.

SMART ALL-WEATHER SHOES FOR ONLY 2/6. Solid Rubber Soles and Heels. For further partics. see the advt. of J. D. Winner & Sons, Ltd., in the "Shop Window" on page 3.

MUSCLES in 30 DAYS

WE GUARANTEE THEM



What we can do for YOU in 30 days

IN THIRTY DAYS you are going to see such a change in your appearance that you will scarcely believe your eyes! It does not matter how undeveloped you may now be, WE GUARANTEE to add ONE INCH of solid muscle to your arms and TWO INCHES to your chest. We'll give you a strong erect neck, broad square shoulders, and a fine straight back. You'll look and feel ALL MAN!

We'll put life into those internal organs, too, for we build up both inside and out. You'll know what real fitness and vitality are. You will gain new nerve strength. Your entire system will be alive with abounding health and energy.

In 90 days we'll complete the job properly. What a transformation you'll see! Your friends, particularly the ladies, will marvel. They will look at you with an interest they may never have shown before. Yes, you will indeed begin to taste the pleasure of life when we start putting your body into shape. Remember, we do not merely promise these things—WE GUARANTEE THEM.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

"How to Build Muscles" is the name of a book that will put you on the road to mighty muscular power. It will open your eyes to the marvellous changes that can be worked on your body with only 15 or 20 minutes' work a day. This book is FREE. Cut out the coupon and post it NOW.

To THE DYNAM INSTITUTE,
68, Greycoat House, Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1.
Please send me a copy of your FREE BOOK "How to Build Muscles." It is understood that this request places me under no obligation to you. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

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CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS. Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WRITE to the BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield, for a free copy of "The Human Machine"—Secrets of Success. See advt. on p. 22.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads 3/6, 1,000 Handbills 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Silky 1d., Sports 1d. oz. Crochet 2½d., 6-fold Rug 8d., Turkish 1/3½, Cable 1/4½. Thrums 6½d. lb. P.C. brings 800 spls. free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Chair advt. on p. 31 for illus. cat., patterns and particulars of the Home Model illustrated and offered for 5/- down and 5/- monthly.

GARDENING.

NOW'S the time to get that Garden Shed. Take your choice from the advts. in the "Shop Window," pages 2 and 3.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS., Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs Radio, Discount allowed. List free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH AND FITNESS by Wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further partics. See advt. on p. 28.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Direct from Blenders. Superior Indian and Ceylon, Specially Blended. Cheap only in price—9 lb. 11/-, carr. paid. Trial order will satisfy. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, Ldn., E.15.

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA! Is injurious to your health. Buy Better Tea Cheaper. At Wholesale Prices Direct from the Actual Blenders. "Golden Digestive Tea Tipps," 4 lb. 6/-, 8 lb. 10/-, carr. paid. Satis. gntd.—Invicta Tea Tipps, 41, Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon Blended, at Wholesale Prices. Loose or Packeted. Large or Small quantities. Send for price list and samples. Poulter's, Dane Place, Bow, Ldn., E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

NERVOUSNESS. — If you suffer from weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves." Mr. Rivers (J.B.94), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

FREE to Catarrh sufferers. Trial package of Dr. Blosser Cigarettes. See advt. on p. 36.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." See p. 35.

A FREE SAMPLE of "FEEN-A-MINT," which banishes constipation, is offered in the advt. on p. 28. Simply chewed, it is pleasant to take, natural in action and not habit forming. No taste but pure, fresh mint.

SAMPLES of "Zeekol" Ointment and Pills, together with samples of "Zeekol" Medicated Soap and "Doge" Face Cream, will be sent on receipt of the coupons (plus postage) appearing in the advt. on the Back Cover.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Godfrey Hair Tonic offer on p. 28.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS. Send for free sample of "CURICONES," and copy of wonderful booklet by filling in coupon in advt. on p. 37.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

LEATHER Coats Cleaned (heavy type), recoloured original shade, from 10/-. Satis. gntd. Leather Coat Cleaning Co., Dept. I., Wellingboro'.

SAVE MONEY ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY! —Order through *John Bull's* "Shop Window," pages 2 and 3.

EVERY Reader ought to have a copy of the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P8), Hull.

SLIMMING SIMPLIFIED.—The Marmola Co. offer a 2 days' sample and free booklet on p. 33. Simply fill in the coupon.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd and Sons, North Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. This offer appears on p. 29.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SHAVEX offer on the Back Cover.

FREE LEAFLET—how to use "ROBBIALAC" on (1) Cycles or Motor-cycles, (2) Cars. Send p.c. for the one you need to Robbialac Works (Dept. 1J.B.3), Stratford, E.15. See offer on p. 30.

WRITE to A. T. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool, for a free copy of an illustrated booklet, "Pleasure Bound," explaining all about this wonder resort. Mention *John Bull*. Further particulars appear in the L.M.S. advt. on page 33.

SEND a p.c. for a FREE SAMPLE CARD of BLAKEY'S "SEGS" SHOE STUDS. The address is in the advt. on p. 14.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE advt. on p. 23 for a copy of the NEW Free Gift Book and voucher for 5 free coupons. A useful range of gifts can be obtained, some of which are illustrated in the announcement. Send for this Free Gift Book now—while you think of it.

FREE.—"How to Build Muscles" is the name of a book offered by the DYNAM INSTITUTE in the large advt. on this page. Simply fill in the coupon for your free copy—it will explain how you can become fit and strong.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent free to readers who send a p.c. to the address in the advt. on p. 33.

BIG Friendly Society EXPOSED

Lord Teynham is a director of the two new concerns here criticised

WE have lately received a number of enquiries regarding a friendly society styled the Colonial Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., of 7, Pall Mall East, London, in which members of the public are being invited to subscribe.

The proposition is described as "The Investors' Opportunity," and it is claimed that high dividends will be paid, exempt from income-tax under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, "in order to encourage thrift among people of moderate means."

Smaller investors are thus to be given the chance of co-operating with others in sound and profitable investment under expert guidance in properties and securities of companies and concerns which are incorporated in the Dominions and Colonies and in Great Britain itself.

It is argued that the security offered is incomparably greater by holding a share interest in a trust which is the owner of properties, bonds, debentures and shares in many concerns.

Names omitted

And it is said that the investor who relies on his own judgment or that of friends without professional knowledge is often mistaken or is misled by interested persons with disastrous results to his capital funds.

In view of what we shall presently disclose this is good!

The trust's directors, whose names, curiously enough, are omitted from its optimistic circular, are said to be "able men of business who take careful interest in all the transactions."

And as a gesture of confidence they have agreed not to take any remuneration for their services unless the dividends are at least 5 per cent. per annum.

Just as the directors remain anonymous in this touting circular, so there is no mention whatever of solicitors or bankers.

Would-be investors are simply instructed to send their cheques, money orders or postal orders to the trust's offices. Those living abroad are told that their best method is to send a post office money order or a draft in the trust's favour on any London bank.

To the average small subscriber the mere fact that the trust is a registered friendly society is probably sufficient guarantee of its stability.

But this, unhappily, is a mistaken impression.

And so far as the Colonial Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., is concerned, there are many aspects which call for immediate comment.

We note that any person over sixteen is offered the opportunity of subscribing for not more than 2,000 shares apiece. There is no bar to every member of a family over sixteen holding this number of shares.

But before anyone rushes to participate in this new scheme we counsel them to ponder the following facts.

Now the trust's directors, we find on enquiry, are Lord Teynham, Mr. Charles W. Neville and a Mr. William F. Paul.

Scattered offers

The first two are closely connected with a group of twenty-one ventures, including land and investment corporations, and finance companies and trusts.

Without exception these ventures have proved speculative to a degree—and in some cases even disastrous.

Simultaneously with this attempt to secure members for the Colonial Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., there is an invitation for people to put money into another concern called the Pall Mall Building Society, which shares the same offices.

It has already extended to centres as far scattered as Bristol, Slough and Liverpool.

Lord Teynham and Mr. C. W. Neville are also directors of this building society, whose board includes Sir Henry Jerningham, Commander H. O. Joyce and a Mr. Geoffrey Crispin.

Criticised

Accompanying the prospectus sent out in this connection is a letter from a third concern called the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., which likewise has its home at 7, Pall Mall East.

This letter is signed by Mr. Geoffrey Crispin, who, in his capacity of secretary for the trust, recommends the building society, of which he is a director, as an investment!

The value of such an obviously inspired recommendation seems doubtful, and is certainly not amplified by an examination of the First Mortgage Co-operative Trust's affairs.

For a long time past the First Mortgage Trust has been severely criticised by members over the fact that the directors have not supplied in the past essential information about its affairs.

The annual statutory return, which has recently been filed with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, discloses a so-called principal asset of £208,233 in investments, mortgages and loans, at cost valued at £171,686.

Of this total more than £150,000 is represented by investments in many companies which are numbered among the twenty-one referred to above, and over most of which some of the same directors preside.

Surely it is most undesirable that directors of a supposedly independent investment trust should use the major portion of such funds in financing other enterprises in which they happen to be directly interested?

For instance, a sum of £34,000 was loaned to a company called the Kinmel Bay Estates, Ltd., founded ostensibly to create a garden city in North Wales.

It took over the failure of a previous company that had been launched from 7, Pall Mall East.

As its nominal capital was £10 000 the generosity of the trust's loan will be apparent.

A still larger amount was invested in another company called the Kinmel School Trust, Ltd., which, during the first two years of its existence has sustained a loss of more than £10,000.

Yet in the face of this the directors of the first Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust have generously supported this school venture until the amount of investors' money now involved is nearly £40,000.

It is difficult, therefore, to appreciate the value of the boasted "security" which the promoters of this interlocked group of companies make so much of in approaching the public.

One other enterprise launched from the same offices is Sloane Avenue Mansions, Ltd. It went to the public a little while ago for £62,000 in 6 per cent. debentures, likewise offering 62,000 shares at a shilling. But many people who have deposited moneys are still waiting for the erection of the promised mansion flats.

A few weeks after the publication of the prospectus in this connection the Central London Property Trust, Ltd., offered for sale the debenture shares.

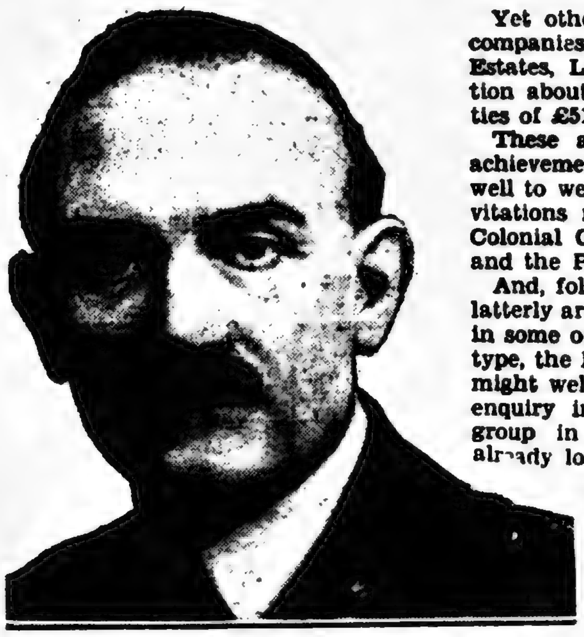
According to the statement of accounts rendered by the auditors the cash received was £6,000, but the file at Somerset House shows that the debentures amounted to only £10.

Big liabilities

Yet other ventures in the group are companies taken over by Peacehaven Estates, Ltd., which went into liquidation about three years ago with liabilities of £51,000.

These are but a few of the past achievements which investors would do well to weigh before considering the invitations now being made by the new Colonial Co-operative Investment Trust and the Pall Mall Building Society.

And, following complaints which have latterly arisen on all sides from investors in some of the previous ventures of this type, the Registrar of Friendly Societies might well take steps to institute a full enquiry into the affairs of the entire group in which thrifty people have already lost heavily enough.



Sir Henry Jerningham, another director of companies in this group, which has widespread interests

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Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Serpent's Tooth

BRITISH public opinion has been roused to great indignation of late by the knowledge that several of our countrymen were arrested and brought before a foreign tribunal on what was felt to be an utterly preposterous charge, and that two of them were sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

Other British subjects have been ill-treated by foreign Powers without exciting much comment at home or abroad. At this moment Chinese bandits are holding some of them to ransom, and we also hear that an Englishman has been robbed and done to death in an atrocious way in another part of the world.

We are comparatively silent about such wrongs as these, because we regard them as part of the risk that men run in lands where law and order are uncertain in operation or do not exist.

What has stirred us so deeply in the case of Russia is that we believe injustice has been done, and done deliberately, in the name of public right. We call it a hypocritical misuse of administrative power, and, as far as we can judge, this is the view taken of the subject by civilised peoples generally.

But do we not need to look at home for examples of the same kind of thing on a minor scale every day we live? More unhappiness is caused by wilful injustice in the treatment of our neighbours by the tongue of scandal than by almost anything else in the list of human troubles.

There is a French proverb which says that half the world loves talking slander and the other half listening to it; and it is unfortunately true that a great many people who would not demean themselves by inventing falsehoods about others are only too ready to believe such falsehoods when circulated by cruel gossip. This is a bad side of human nature and one greatly to be deplored.

The oft-repeated statement that a good character is its own defence and will live down unpopularity is well founded on the whole, but it does not always hold good. Homes have been wrecked and lives blighted on many occasions by malicious tongues without the shadow of excuse.

Well might the Bible say, "What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" for beyond all question a spiteful and treacherous tongue can poison the peace of any community and turn kindly confidence into suspicion and hate.

Moral indignation is, of course, a thing to be valued. The man who cannot be stirred to wrath by witnessing the oppression of the weak or the infliction of pain upon the helpless, is a poor creature worthy of contempt; but moral indignation is the very opposite of a propensity to backbiting and tittle-tattle.

The kind of man who will hit out at meanness and heartlessness is one that will never stoop to injure another secretly

It is a good rule not to talk about others at all except when compelled to do so or when you can do them a good turn. A person who is always talking about others is sure to do mischief sooner or later.

As the Bible says again: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

"He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile."

The GREATEST OFFER ever made ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT only 235 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d. packets

A WARM, LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue, fawn, and the new fashionable green.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d. packet fronts

"No foreign stuff for me"

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

Two more examples of "SPORTS" All-British Gifts

SOCKS · · 25 2d. Packet Fronts
Full-length all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes 10", 10½" or 11".

MUFFLERS . 75 2d. Packet Fronts
Wide all-wool fleecy mufflers 5 ft. long. Fast dyed in the colours of any Club in the English League, Scottish League, Rugby League or Speedway League. Tell us which colours you want.

B.D.V SPORTS CIGARETTES 5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.
(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts).

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS

Wife Maimed for Life —and not a penny Compensation

Mrs. Cook must wear this unsightly collar as a result of her accident

WHEN his wife's neck was broken in a motoring accident, Mr. G. H. Cook, of Malvern Road, Dalston, E., and his wife were awarded subsubstantial damages.

But they have never received a penny, though they have been put to endless expense in establishing their claim.

This is a travesty of justice, which in actual fact means that the husband, instead of receiving compensation for his wife's broken neck, is actually doubly penalised by having to bear additional financial burdens.

The facts are that Mr. Cook and his wife were awarded £1,089 damages by Mr. Justice Horridge in the King's Bench Division over a year ago, but up to the present not a halfpenny of this sum has been paid.

It is extremely unlikely that these damages will ever be received.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cook has been crippled for life, and suffers agonies of pain as the result of her injuries. She is thirty-five and is suffering from a dislocated fracture of the neck, which in plainer terms means a broken neck, which will never mend.

Yoke of pain

Mrs. Cook, in a brave attempt to look after her family of four young children, whose ages range from two to eleven years, is compelled to wear a porous plastic collar, which closely resembles a strait-jacket, and is held in position by a series of straps which have to be fixed by her husband or some other member of the household before she can even attempt to move.

Without this contraption clamped about her shoulders and neck it is impossible for this plucky woman to manage even the lightest of household tasks.

All day and all night long Mrs. Cook is subject to severe attacks of pain. This excruciating agony is usually at its worst in the long night hours, and to ease her pain she has been provided by the hospital specialists who treat her case with sleeping tablets.

To Mrs. Cook, the future must stretch out like a long, dim corridor of pain, along which she struggles, harnessed in her porous jacket which holds her fractured neck in position.

Yet this stout-hearted little woman can smile in spite of her pain, and will talk with pride of her four bonny boys, the eldest of whom has just won a scholarship.

But let us trace the story of this tragedy from the beginning.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook, with their children, were on holiday at Pitsea, Essex, in August, 1931. On the night of August 2, while Mrs. Cook was walking along the grass verge of a country road at Pitsea, she was struck by a motor-car and severely injured.

Broken neck

When she was taken to the local hospital, it was found that her neck had been broken.

Subsequently, when the case was heard in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Horridge and a common jury, the damages we have mentioned were awarded against Mr. Stanley Fisher, of Hesperus Crescent, Millwall, for injuries received by Mrs. Cook, through his negligent driving.

Mr. Fisher, who appeared in person, denied negligence.

Mrs. Cook's case was that while walking along the road she was struck by a car and severely injured. The car did not stop, but Mr. Fisher was seen by a police-constable later that night at a week-end bungalow in Pitsea, where he was staying.

"Horrible accident"

He admitted that he had knocked a woman down, and, when asked why he had not reported the accident, he said, "I will report it now."

Mr. Justice Horridge said that Mrs. Cook had suffered a "horrible accident." The vertebræ of her neck was fractured, so that it was now in the wrong position, and she had to wear a supporting collar.

In addition, her ankle had been broken, and for the rest of her life she would suffer from pain and headaches.

The judge ruled that there was no evidence against the actual owner of the car, Alfred Blacker, of Blackthorn Street, Bow, who was joined as a defendant, and who said he had lent his car to Fisher.

"Waste paper"

Now, although Mr. and Mrs. Cook had been awarded these substantial damages, they were soon to learn that their hopes of obtaining even a penny were exceedingly remote.

Although the actual owner of the car was insured, it was held that he was in no way responsible, and thus nothing was forthcoming from the insurance company under his policy.

Early in March of this year, Mr. Cook received a solicitor's letter which made it plain that his chance of obtaining the damages awarded to him was practically hopeless.

"We consider the judgment is so much waste paper," wrote the solicitors. "Fisher (against whom the damages were awarded) is a youngster about 21 years old with no regular job, no means of any sort and, so far as we can gather, a waster and a good-for-nothing person who is never likely to earn anything, and he certainly will not attempt to pay you any money.

"The whole case," continued the solicitors, "is a tragedy from start to finish, and we felt that it was hopeless once we had ascertained that the insurance company was no longer interested and when we learned something of the financial position of the defendants."

Law's loop-holes

This story, plainly told, is a glaring instance of the manner in which the law relating to compensation for motor accidents can be set at defiance.

The law has too many loopholes which allow unscrupulous persons to gain insurance cover which can never become operative in the event of an accident.

Our sympathies are with Mr. Cook and his brave little wife, who, although awarded £1,089 damages, are unlikely to obtain five shillings of this sum.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cook is faced with a heavy bill relating to the expenses incurred in connection with the tragic accident to his wife.

Certainly the law regarding compensation for motor-car accidents needs drastic alteration, and we urge those in high authority to give this matter their immediate attention.

The Carpet Catch

SEVERAL complaints have reached us lately which show that an old form of confidence trick is being revived by certain travelling salesmen whose strong line is carpets.

A Kilmaurs reader tells us that the West of Scotland has been visited in this way and cites the experience of a farmer friend of his who was told a wonderful story by a smooth-tongued stranger.

This stranger exhibited a visiting-card which purported to show that he was the travelling representative of a London firm, and then explained that he was prepared to offer good prices for second-hand Persian carpets.

* * *

An offer of £18 was made for one carpet in the farmer's home, and it was arranged that a settlement should be made and the carpet collected on a certain date.

After some time elapsed another stranger appeared in the district, this time *selling* Persian carpets at bargain prices.

The object, naturally, is to induce country folk to buy up inferior carpets in the expectation of being able to re-sell them to the "big London firm."

* * *

While the whole scheme may seem transparent when described in print, the fact that the perpetrators find it worth their while to travel to remote districts in order to prepare the ground for their coups proves that they find it highly profitable.

We are truly sorry for the trusting souls who have thus been led to suppose that Persian carpets are now in great demand.

And it is a fact that those who have thus been led to "speculate" by buying up cheap Persian carpets have never hear another word from the smooth-tongued buyer from London.

WHAT Philanthropy!

A PLEASANT type of philanthropist has recently established himself in offices at Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

He is Mr. W. M. Price, and in the goodness of his heart he has issued a little brochure which bears the title: "Betting as a Gilt-Edged Investment."

Judging from the number of enquiries which have reached us, people are not quite so gullible as they used to be in swallowing the rosy stories which generous folk like Mr. Price are accustomed to recount.

But Mr. Price evidently counts upon finding a fair number of clients, for he is nothing if not definite in his assurances, and he suggests that betting systems are becoming so infallible that the day is not far distant when bookmakers will be forced to retire!

* * *

His own system, he announces with triumph, is the finest ever known. Clients have only to place their confidence—and their money—with him and he will do the rest!

After all this, it is rather amusing to find him conceding that there may be occasional setbacks with the best of regulated systems.

To guard against such contingencies he has devised a sort of insurance scheme in which clients agree to pay a specified sum and part of their winnings to cover part of their possible losses.

The way in which he puts it may seem plausible enough, but actually the whole scheme is nonsense of the "heads I win tails you lose" order.

Mr Price omits to say what is going to happen when all the bookies have, as he predicts, gone out of business.

But by that time he will doubtless be out of business himself.

MYSTERY MAN

HERE is the interview for which the whole world has long been waiting—the first ever given for publication by Sir Basil Zaharoff, the multi-millionaire armaments manufacturer, reputed to be the man who amassed more wealth out of the Great War than anyone else.

By a rare journalistic feat it was obtained exclusively for "John Bull" by two enterprising young writers—Mr. Glyn Roberts, who is 23, and Mr. R. B. Marriott, who is just 21.

R. B. Marriott

Glyn Roberts

"YOU are the first journalists I have ever received. Do you know that?"

That was the first thing Sir Basil Zaharoff said to us as we were led into his presence in the Monte Carlo hotel which he owns and where he spends about four months each year.

He need not have reminded us. We were fully aware that we were making journalistic history.

Zacharias Basileios Zaharoff, born in Asia Minor of Greek parents nearly eighty-four years ago, though he became the "Mystery Man of Europe," and probably the most powerful factor behind the scenes in the Great War, had never before consented to talk to journalists.

It took us nearly a year of persistent following-up to bring about this talk. Last summer, in Paris, we were to have driven out to Sir Basil's luxurious country home, the Château de Balincourt; but his doctor intervened at the last moment, and we had to wait nine months.

Very old man

Rumours, early this year, that Sir Basil's health was shaky sent us hastening to the Riviera, to the tiny State of Monaco, which to-day he virtually controls.

After some correspondence, an appointment was arranged, and in the early evening we were ushered into an almost darkened room on the first floor of the hotel.

"There is Sir Basil," said his valet, smiling, and extended his hand towards an armchair in which sat a very old man.

The chair faced the door, and a low screen stood between it and the window; a bell and a telephone hung within reach over the screen. Over the screen we could see the dazzling blue of the Mediterranean. On the wall was a picture of a man on a horse; the horse was shying. The inscription was "Horse frightened by a rifle-shot."

"You are . . . Marriott?" said the very old man firmly and in what must have been until very recently a rich bass voice. "Sit there," and he indicated, very definitely, a chair on his left.

"And you are Roberts," he added quickly. "You sit there," pointing to a chair opposite him.

When we were seated, he added: "Come closer, lads, I'm rather deaf." We drew closer.

Growled, coughed

In spite of the strong light from the window in our eyes, we examined the most-guarded man in Europe closely.

His head is small, and the face now is thin, the cheek-bones protruding. A fairly thick film of silky white hair covers his head, and a waving moustache and a short beard partly conceal a masterful but rather petulant mouth. His eyes protrude, particularly when he wishes to emphasise something.

He wore a dark jacket, white waistcoat and check trousers; a white cravat ornamented with a gold-headed pin, and patent leather shoes.

Throughout our stay he gripped his right leg periodically just above the knee; and every few minutes he growled and coughed vigorously to clear his throat.

When we murmured a polite appreciation of his consenting to see us, he rolled his eyes, and swept his arm in a semi-circle—a grand gesture.

"I want to be kind"

"Why, I only want to be kind to everyone. Why should I not be kind?"

So this was the multi-millionaire who had become the richest man in Europe by the manufacture and sale of armaments and also played such a dominant part behind the scenes in the Great War.

He leaned forward.

"Talk of anything except me, boys," he insisted. "I'm an old man; you're young."

"Now, are you doing well in your profession?" He sprung the question suddenly, in his curiously jerky manner.

He followed it up with a searching and exhaustive cross-examination, turning rapidly from one to the other of us and obviously registering our replies very closely.

He questioned us as to our education, our homes, our families, our prospects and our ambitions — particularly the last—and displayed a childlike interest in what he gleaned.

On learning that one of us was the last of ten children, he pouted his mouth and rolled his eyes. "Ten," he said, broodingly. "That's a *big* family . . . ten . . ." Sir Basil was an only son.

Particularly he emphasised the value of languages. Brought up himself in Constantinople, where the tongues of the nations are inextricably mingled, he learnt early the importance of the human factor. Before he was out of his teens, Zaharoff spoke seven or eight languages, and his fluent and extensive knowledge of tongues, and consequently of men, has probably been the biggest factor in his enormous success in international transactions.

Did we speak French? Did we speak German? How much? *What results would it bring us?* What steps were we taking to improve our knowledge?

Always he stressed the practical values of languages and of travel.

How well did we know Paris? We told him we hoped to spend some months there when the opportunity offered itself.

"You must," and he almost glared at us. "If you want to enough, you will be able to do it."

"The important thing is to be *pushful*, boys. You must push, *push*, PUSH!"

Five hundred yards . . .

And to give point to his advice he pushed the air violently with two thin but vigorous fists.

We nodded. We remembered that the frail old man who was giving that advice had pushed himself up from a penniless adventurer in the Near East to the most influential man in back-stage diplomacy.

"Where have you been, on your way here?" he asked us.

We told him Marseilles.

"Very pushful town," he said emphatically. "Very pushful. It's . . it's the Liverpool of France."

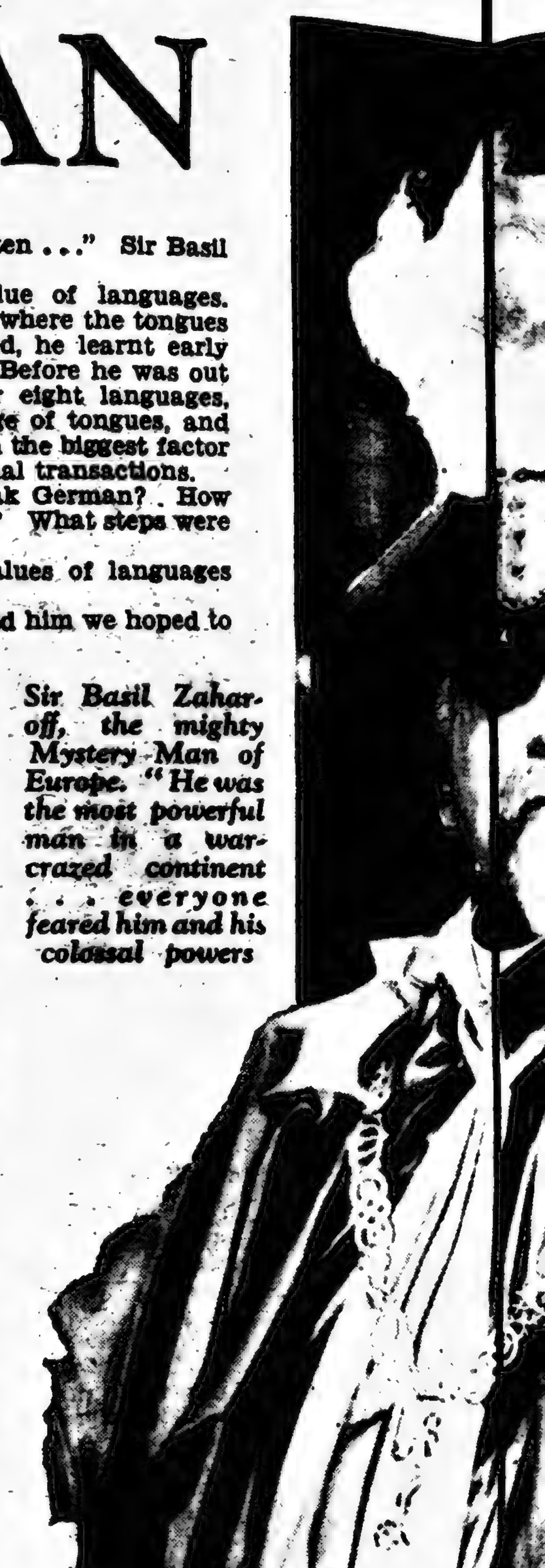
We told him we'd visited Nice, too.

"Very pushful town," he nodded, vigorously approving of Nice.

He talked a little of England, and showed an accurate and intimate knowledge of the country, though he has visited England little in the last eight years.

Then we turned the conversation to himself, despite his request to the contrary, and asked after his health.

"I mustn't grumble," he mur-

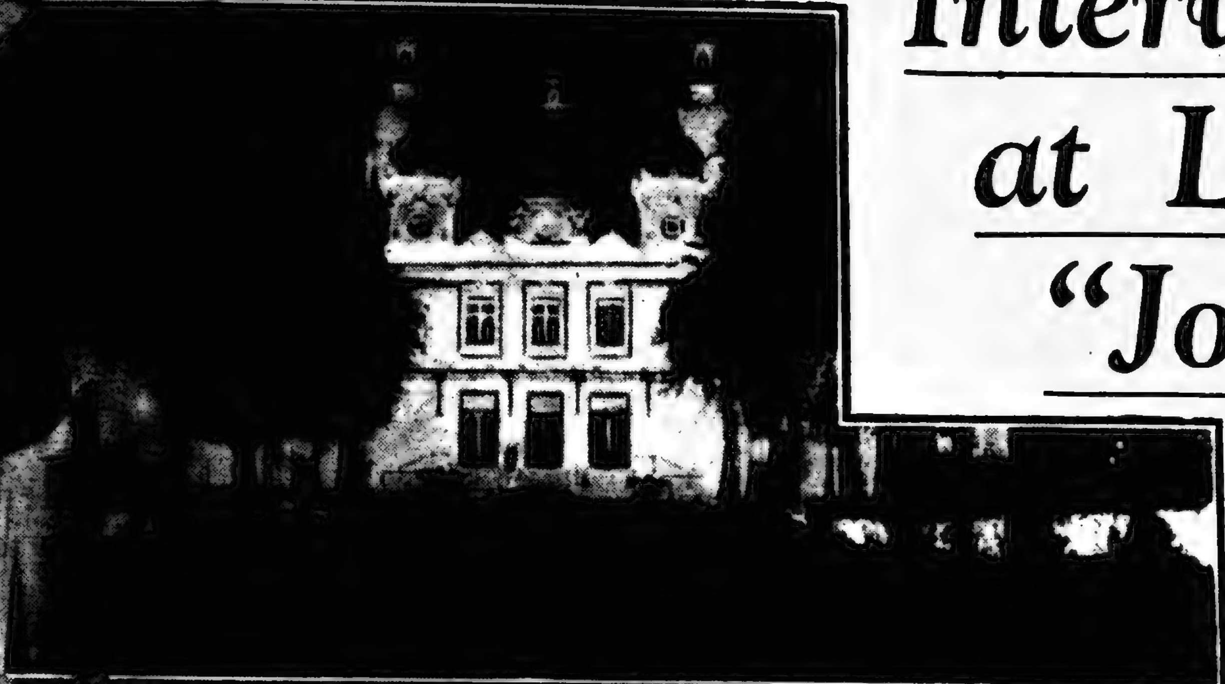


Sir Basil Zaharoff, the mighty Mystery Man of Europe. "He was the most powerful man in a war-crazed continent . . . everyone feared him and his colossal powers

Here is the Mystery Man as he is to-day. On the right you see him – back view —in his most famous rôle as the elusive, publicity-shy multi-millionaire jealously guarded by a secretary who registers profound horror at the photographer's temerity

# of EUROPE—

Interviewed at Last for "John Bull"



He has a controlling interest in the Monte Carlo Casino, here illuminated for its night's work

back view
jealously
's temerity

ured, fiercely and as if to himself. "I *mustn't* grumble. I have gout, ou know, but I mustn't grumble. . . . I'm in my eighty-fourth year."

"Do you get about very much?"

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied, leaning forward anxious to convince us, and an almost bragging note crept into his voice.

"Why, I walk down to the dining-room every day. It's . . . it's . . . let me see" (and he calculated rapidly, probably turning metres into yards), "it must be five hundred yards."

We were a little taken aback at his considering a walk along a few corridors so remarkable a feat; but we congratulated him.

"I go out, every day, for a two-hour drive—*every* day," he added.

"No, we mustn't grumble, boys," he repeated emphatically. And he rolled his eyes upward as he added, "This is God's own climate here, you know. But I've stayed here far too long this time. I go to Paris in a week."

Sir Basil was tiring. His private secretary, a Scot named McPherson, who bears an almost uncanny resemblance to the Premier of Great Britain, came in, and we greeted him; we had met him in Paris the previous year.

"Well, you see Sir Basil," he said, "and know now how wrong the newspaper reports of his illness are."

We turned to the frail old man in the armchair.

"Good-bye, boys," he said suddenly, and shot out his hand, "and good luck." He patted our hands nervously but kindly.

Just as we were about to leave, we turned and asked him if he would sign two pictures as souvenirs. He did it with apparent pleasure.

Lastly, we asked if we might accompany him the next morning on his drive.

"I must refuse," he said. "It would mean talking, and talking is one of the things I must not do."

So we left. As we did so, we heard this piece of conversation. . . .

"Did they bother you at all?"

"No, no; very nice."

And, last of all, Sir Basil cursing his fountain pen!

As we got out into the glare of the sun, we thought of the man we had seen.

Amazing life

Sir Basil is not concerned with affairs of the soul—at least he has not hitherto been—nor with affairs of the intellect; only with material affairs, as the world has discovered to its cost.

It was hard to tell whether, as has been suggested, this colossus of finance regards his life as a wasted one.

But it was very clear that he was on his guard against betraying any pessimism or despondency.

His life has been an amazing one. He quarrelled with his own father while still a youth, and for nearly sixty years, while establishing his stranglehold over European diplomacy, had hardly a friend.

At seventy-five, an old man, virtually out of affairs, he married the widowed Duchesse de Villafranca de los Caballeros, but she survived the marriage less than two years.

Controlling half the armaments of Europe, and exploiting his amazing linguistic gifts, his tact, his persuasiveness, and his good looks to advance his business, he became the most powerful man in a war-crazed continent. Diplomats whispered his name, statesmen bowed to his orders. The Press, so far as it dared, told of his exploits—or such of them as got into the news.

Feared by all

To what extent he wished for a world war will perhaps never be known. What is known is that his fortune quadrupled during those years of hell.

In 1917, when there was a chance of peace negotiations through the late President Wilson's intervention, the Mystery Man was in Paris, gently pulling the necessary wires. "Zaharoff is all for continuing the war *jusqu' au bout* (right to the end)," wrote Lord Bertie, Britain's Ambassador there, in his diary.

Zaharoff controlled the French Press, he had his own news agency, he was a close friend of every man in a high place. He flitted, quietly and unobtrusively, from Paris to London, from Rome to Petrograd, and everywhere his influence was paramount.

But an exhausted world could not keep up the blood-letting for ever. The Armistice came, and then Versailles. Even there, as Emil Ludwig in his play "Versailles" has shown, Zaharoff was a mighty force behind the scenes; everyone feared him and his colossal power.

It was at this time that the Greek patriot, always dormant in Zaharoff, came to the fore. Suddenly he discovered in himself the desire to spend all, if necessary, of his fortunes in making his beloved Greece free of Turkish misrule. There followed the disastrous Græco-Turkish war, financed by Zaharoff, which was largely instrumental in bringing about Mr. Lloyd George's fall in England.

Zaharoff, with the failure of his patriotic venture, more or less retired from politics.

Quarrelling with Venizelos, he collected an English Knighthood, became a G.C.B. and G.B.E., and acquired corresponding honours in France. He founded chairs of French and English literature at Oxford and Paris respectively, naming them, characteristically enough, after Foch and Haig.

He transferred much of his capital to oil, to "industrials," and to real estate.

The sick lion

Perhaps most interesting of all, he acquired a controlling interest in the company which owns the Casino and the chief hotels and restaurants in Monte-Carlo.

He acquired a luxurious Paris town house, and an immense and historic country house (the Chateau de Balincourt) about fifty miles out.

In the Paris house—which we have been shown over—he keeps numerous valuable paintings and an album of autographed pictures of the statesmen he knew in his more active days. There is, too, an immense silver cup presented to him by directors of the Vickers Company to celebrate his completion of fifty years with the firm.

Historians, hitherto, have fought shy of him; the lion is feared even though he is sick. In all five volumes of Winston Churchill's "World Crisis" there is no mention of Zaharoff; nor does his name occur in the four volumes of Colonel House's letters.

Yet perhaps future historians will mark him out as the chief personality in the world war.

Pacifists and idealists have denounced him as a very dangerous man, who became rich out of the deaths of millions.

Was it the Greek?

H. G. Wells gives the other point of view. Zaharoff, he says, is modest enough to accept Society's own estimate of itself and to act on Society's own precepts. He has carried business ethics to their logical conclusion. It is not he who is to blame, but the Society which allows activities such as his to pass uncensored.

"In 1914 I knew only one man who wanted war," said Mr. Lloyd George in a speech recently. "He was not an Englishman. He was not a Frenchman. He was not a German. He was not a Russian."

Lots of people have wondered whether he meant Zaharoff, the Greek.

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"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—34

IN a CROCODILE'S JAWS

IT is not difficult for me to decide upon the most adventurous episode in my life. One memory eclipses all others—the memory of a struggle for supremacy against a crocodile in the Zambesi River!

The fact that I am now alive to tell the tale of that dread experience is not so much testimony to my prowess as to my good fortune. For I was unarmed and escaped only by a miracle.

This is how it all came about: At the end of September, 1928, I found myself practically penniless and robbed of my means of livelihood. I cast around me to find some way to make ends meet.

I am a tobacco planter, with a farm in Northern Rhodesia, on the border of that portion of Portuguese East Africa which is known as Zambezia.

Most of the section of this territory lying north of the Zambesi abounds with sleeping-sickness-carrying tsetse-fly. Hundreds of natives are wiped out every year by this fatal disease, and large fertile areas are rendered unfit for human habitation.

That same season, the Portuguese authorities had come to the conclusion that the only way to cope with this menace would be to exterminate the vast herds of game that act as hosts to this disease-bearing pest.

They had issued a proclamation to the effect that they would furnish any elephant-hunter with a free licence provided he shot five head of ordinary game—antelope, buffalo, and so on—for each elephant killed.

I decided to give this a trial, and set off with a small "safari," or "ulendo," as we call it in these parts, for Tete, which is the administrative centre of the Zambezia area, and where applications for these licences had to be made.

On the way I saw sufficient evidence of the presence of elephant to justify my enterprise. I even succeeded in bagging one fair-sized tusker.

ON the morning of Tuesday, October 23, I crossed the Zambesi to the little town of Tete.

Seen at close quarters Tete loses all its charm. "Fly-blown" is the only word that seems adequately to describe its appearance.

But it is not entirely devoid of interest. Its inhabitants are a many-hued, cosmopolitan crowd.

Government officials—white and *café-au-lait*—all arranged in spotless ducks, float about in skin-bedecked "machilas" borne by stalwart native "machileros."

White soldiers, slovenly and unkempt, yet picturesque and exotic with their swarthy complexions, baggy trousers and wide-brimmed felt hats, lounge around in most unmilitary style.

Native policemen, swinging heavy truncheons, strut truculently along the pavements; low-caste Indian storekeepers haggle in high-pitched querulous voices with their black-skinned customers who bring beeswax, ball tobacco, and dried fish to barter for cloth and beads.

Half-caste girls, handsome creatures with fine figures and flashing eyes, attractive, yet at the same time, in some uncanny way, repellent, parade the streets, flaunting much cheap jewellery.

I had thought to get through the formalities of obtaining a free licence in the course of a morning, but I had not reckoned on the national characteristics of the Portuguese — characteristics accentuated by the tropical climate. "Até amanha"—"until to-morrow"—is their favourite motto, and they abide by it faithfully.

It was Thursday before any steps were taken to provide me with what I wanted, and I was asked to wait over until the Friday to get certain papers signed by the Governor.

Then I was informed that there still remained one application to be typed out, and that the only available interpreter was "prostrated by a chill."

However, they thought he would be sufficiently recovered by the afternoon to resume his duties. "Would the Senhor return at four o'clock?"

I returned to my camp on the other side of the river, and, after a light meal, lay down to rest in my very inadequate shelter. The thermometer would have registered 125 deg. in the shade—had there been any shade—and I gazed longingly at the cool-looking river. A native passed by, and I hailed him.

"Is it all right to swim in there?" I asked.

"Why not, Bwana?" he questioned in reply.

"Well, what about crocodiles?" I suggested.

"Crocodiles!" He grinned. "Here are no crocodiles. They fear the boats."

I looked once more towards the river. It is very low at that time of the year, and a half-mile belt of loose sand separated me from the channel.

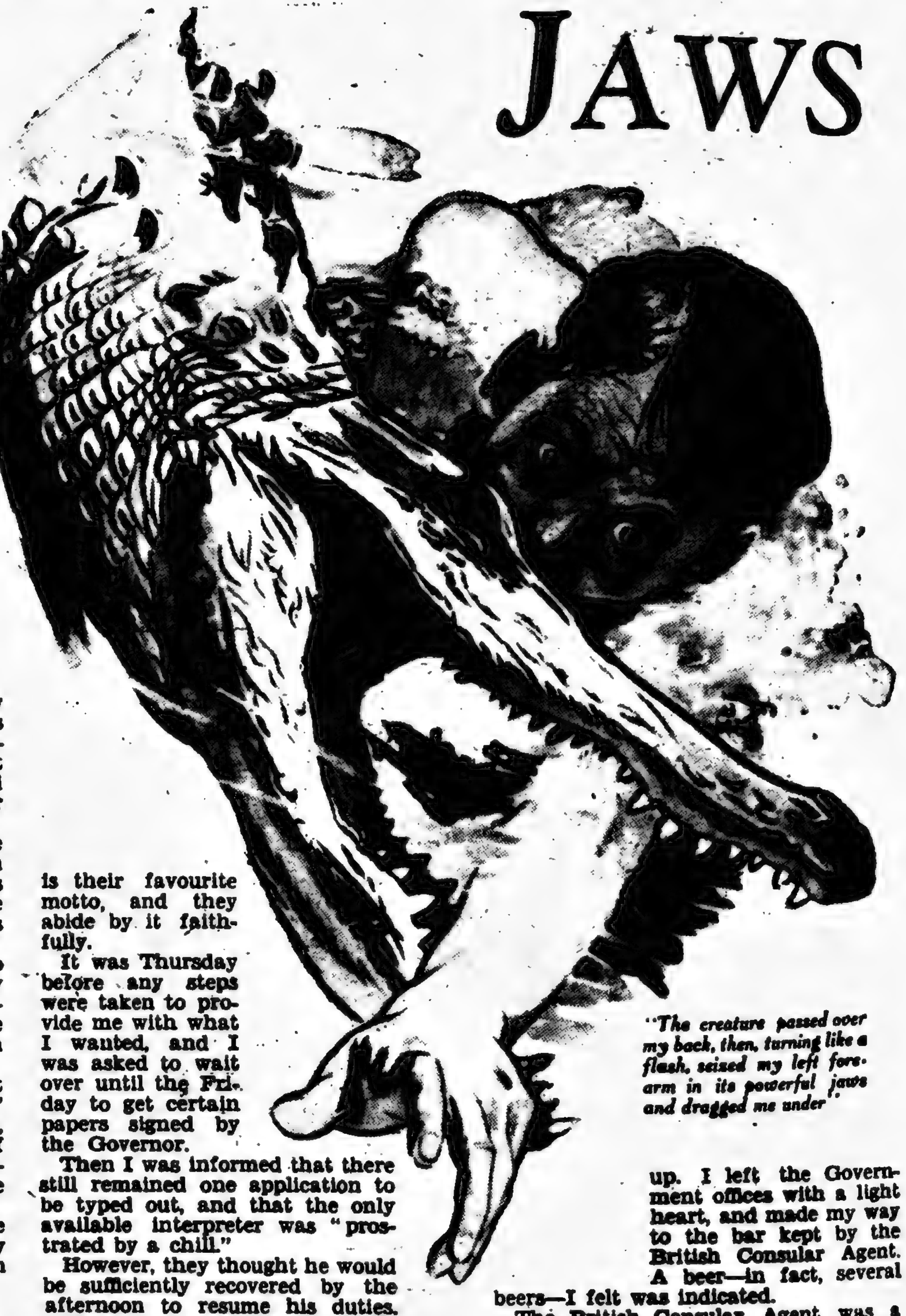
"Too much sweat!" I decided, and, pillowing my head on my arm, sank into a sticky doze.

I woke at about half-past three, and after a sluice and a change went down to the ferry crossing.

FALLING in with another white man, I told him what the native had said about crocodiles.

"That's right," he corroborated, "what with the river traffic and the Portuguese popping off at them, the old crocs. steer clear of this reach. Plenty of them up above and down below, though."

This time, after an hour or two's irksome delay, I really did get things fixed up. I left the Government offices with a light heart, and made my way to the bar kept by the British Consular Agent. A beer—in fact, several beers—I felt was indicated.



"The creature passed over my back, then, turning like a flash, seized my left forearm in its powerful jaws and dragged me under"

The British Consular Agent was a Portuguese who had lived in that part of the territory for over thirty years. I found him very interesting to listen to. It was long after dark before I managed to drag myself away.

Well pleased with life, I made my way to the wharf, descended the steps, and trudged along the half-mile of sand-spit to the point where the boats ground.

The sand shelved down suddenly to the water's edge, so that, in spite of a brilliant moon, I did not notice the complete absence of boats until I reached the margin of the river.

I HAILED the dark bank on the opposite side, but got no response. I sat down to decide which course I should take: should I go back and get the Consul to give me a "shake down" or should I swim the river?

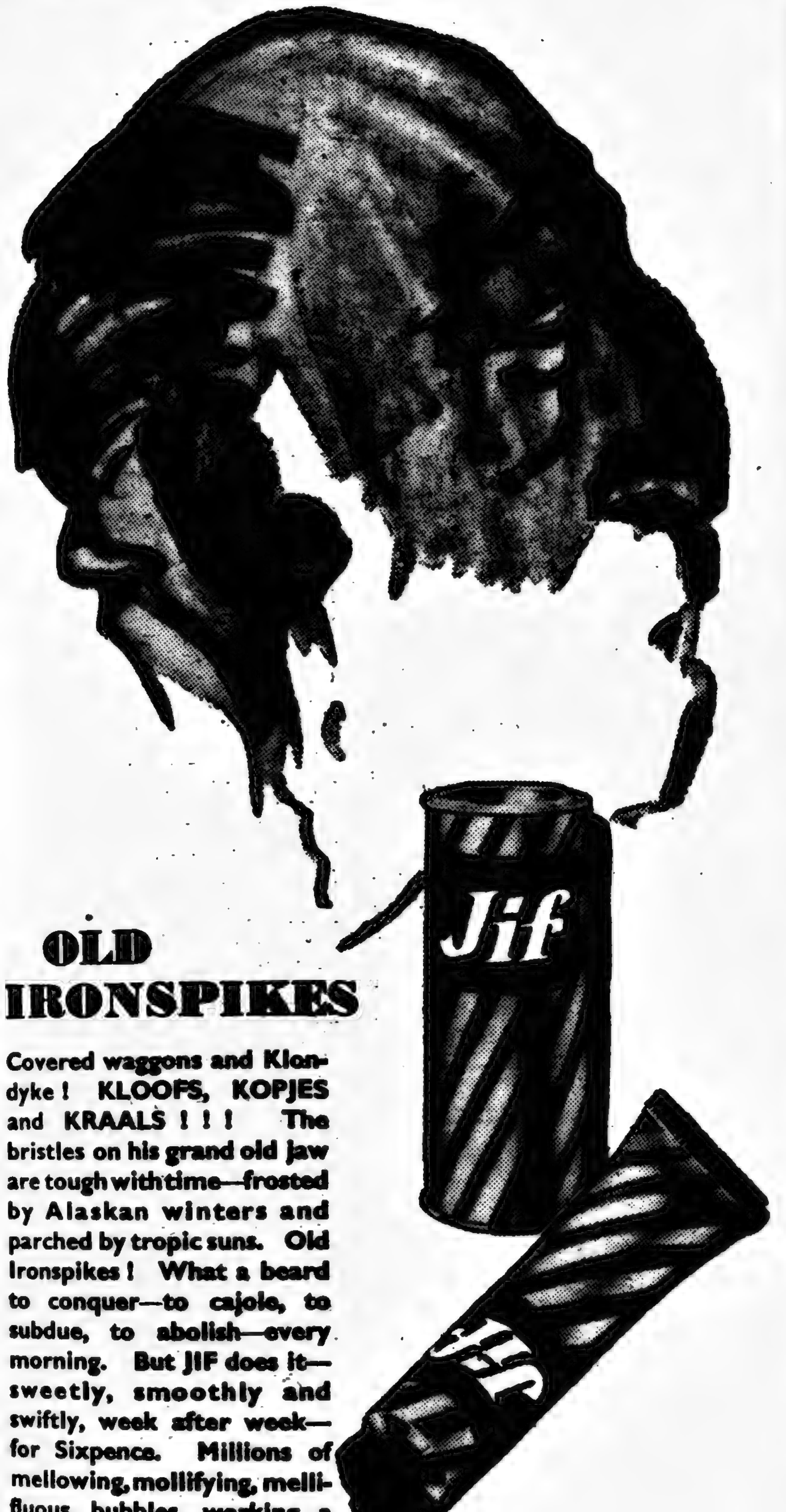
The river looked cool and inviting in the moonlight. The channel was not more than three hundred yards wide. "No crocs.," they had told me. "Here goes," I said to myself.

I took off my boots, socks and shirt, and tied them securely round my neck. I was now clad only in a light pair of shorts that would not hamper me in the least. I waded in.

For perhaps a hundred yards I laboured through water that came a little over my knees; then, all at once, I stepped into space. I was in the deep channel of the river.

I swam lazily, letting the current take

(Continued on page 24.)



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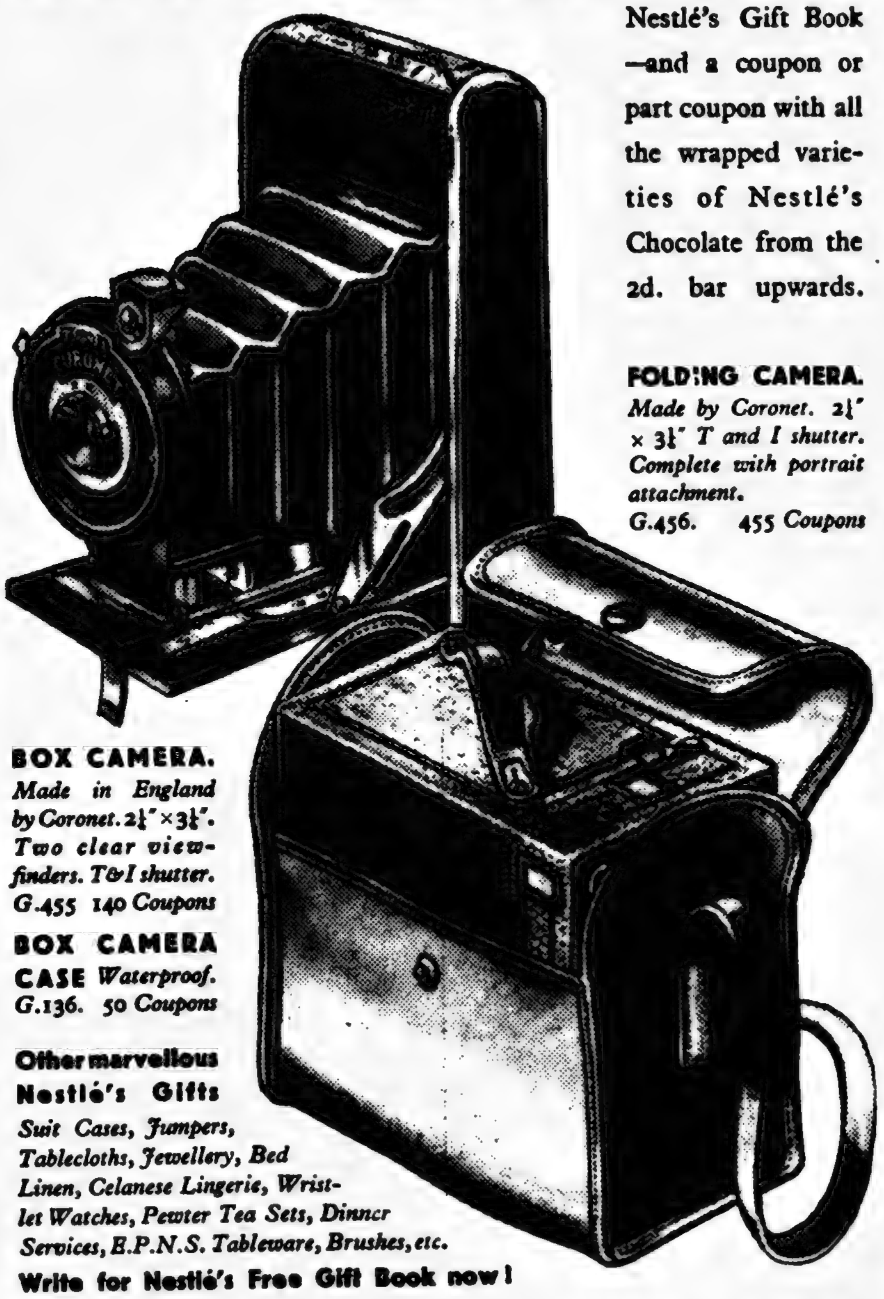

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DELAY MEANS YOUR DOG MUST SUFFER— SPRING CONDITION HIM NOW

NATURE'S way of spring-conditioning a dog is to provide him with blood correctives among wild grasses and herbage.

These are pushing up their young shoots in hidden valleys and open moorland. Your dog needs them at this time to purify his blood before the hot weather arrives, as his blood overheats on every warm day, due to his skin being non-porous.

Now that Nature's blood correctives are beyond your dog's reach, you must help him to purify his blood by providing him with **Bob Martin's Condition Powders. And you must do it at once.** A course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders NOW will remove every impurity from his blood and save him the misery and illness which dogs must suffer if their blood is impure during hot weather.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

That is why

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

KEEP *dogs fit!*

HERE ARE MY REASONS WHY-

I always stick to—

BOLENIUM

(Pronounced BO-LEENY-UM)

Super-Overalls

Worn by the man who knows

Because every seam is double sewn with 16 Boot Thread. Because the closely-woven dust and greaseproof material is toughest of the tough. Because the buttons are detachable for washing. Because the new exclusive Brace Buckle never lets you down!

. . . And because BOLENIUM Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time!

BIB & BRACE 66

Ask your Outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockists.

BOLENIUM OVERALLS

(DEPT 1) UPTON PARK, LONDON E.13

JAWS of DEATH

(Continued from page 22)

me. How gloriously cool the water felt after the stuffiness of the dry land.

It was like bathing in Fairyland—in liquid moonlight. The shimmering drops fell in cascades from my arms as I raised them, one after the other, sluggishly, out of the water.

Abruptly the whole character of the scene underwent a complete change. The water now seemed black and menacing. It caught the moonlight in its ripples, and winked mockingly. I found myself facing upstream, standing still, as it were, waiting for something. I must have been making some movement, but I was not conscious of it.

Out of the corner of my eye I had seen a big swirl in the water. I knew well enough what had caused that swirl. I felt no fear, but for the life of me I could not swim on. I had to wait—had to see what would happen next.

A dark object broke the surface about ten yards from me, remained still for a moment, then disappeared, to rise again, flat, elongated and ugly, a few feet from my face.

I BECAME aware of two eyes regarding me—eyes that gleamed balefully in the dispassionate moonlight—cold, cruel eyes, instinct with a terrifying, soulless stupidity. Straight for my face they came, growing larger and larger.

I came to my senses just in time, ducked and plunged wildly away. The creature passed over my back, then, turning like a flash, seized my left forearm in its powerful jaws and dragged me under.

All sense of pain was obliterated by blind panic. My only conscious act was to hold my breath; otherwise, I was governed solely by the primitive instinct of self-preservation.

My fear was not the fear of death; it was just horror; sheer, stark horror at being in the power of this foul, senseless reptile.

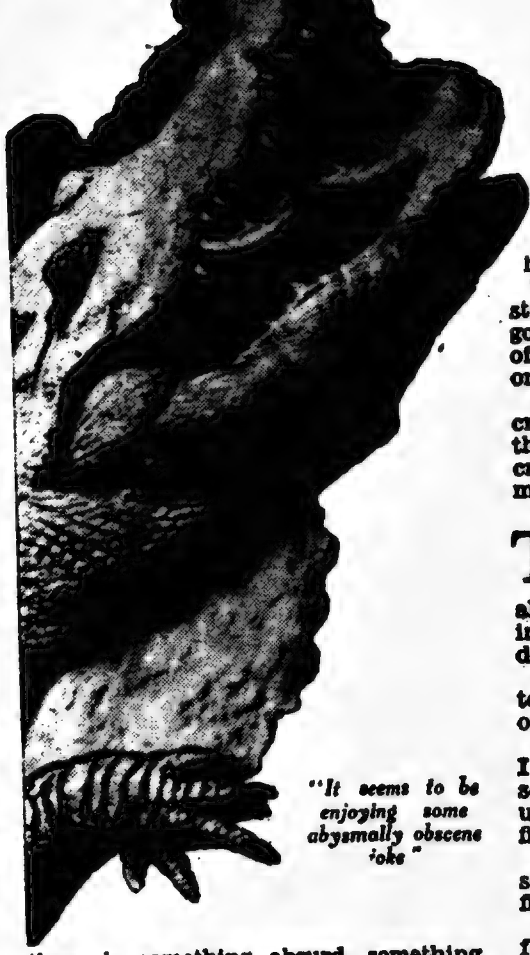
I seemed to be in some way twisted round underneath the brute. I brought my knees up alternately against its smooth, slimy belly.

With my free hand I beat its horny side. But the pressure of the water rendered the blows utterly futile. I was as helpless as a baby in that terrible grip.

Suddenly I felt the air on my face. For some unaccountable reason the crocodile had come to the surface. I filled my lungs and gave vent to a despairing cry.

The next moment I was free. Sobbing and cursing I made off with floundering strokes. The "croc." stood off at a little distance and watched me.

Seen from the level of the water, there is something absurd—something ludicrously, terrifying funny about the head of a crocodile.



"It seems to be enjoying some abysmally obscene joke"

Try to imagine the combination of a Buddha and a village idiot—senseless evil with a touch of immortality about it.

It seems to be enjoying some abysmally obscene joke that dates back to the beginning of time. You can almost hear it chuckle. . . Ugh!

IT made a dart forward, and, seizing something, disappeared. That something must have been my hat, and I honestly believe that it was this only that prevented the animal from renewing its attack.

Smelling the human scent on my hat, it must have thought that it had got me, or at least part of me, and made off to its larder with this unpalatable trophy.

My left arm was useless. The top side of the forearm seemed to be completely lacerated. I laboured on. . . . The high bank was quite close now. I should soon be ashore. . . .

Why would my feet persist in sinking under me? . . . Why did I keep finding myself in an upright position, my sound arm beating feebly and ineffectively at the surface of the water? . . . This seemed to go on for hours. . . .

Then I knew that I was on the point of drowning. Shock and loss of blood had robbed me of all strength.

This is a terrible situation for a strong swimmer—to know that you can go no farther, that it is only a matter of time before you will lose your grip on life, and let yourself sink.

Before it had been the horror of the crocodile, now it was the fear of death that possessed me. I raised cry after cry for help, but the dark bank remained mute and unresponsive.

THEN I felt sand under my feet. By straining, I could just touch it with the tips of my toes. Frantically I worked to get a purchase, but inexorably the current swept me off into deep water.

I fought my way back. Again I touched the sand, and again I was swept off. I made a last despairing effort.

My feet groped for the sand. Nothing! I sank. . . . I was quite calm—nothing seemed to matter now. Slowly I floated upwards, but I did not struggle. I was finished. . . .

This stage probably lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed to go on indefinitely.

Then, all at once, my ears caught a familiar sound — paddles knocking against the sides of a canoe. With a rush, the desire to live returned. It put new strength into me. I shouted with joy.

Next instant the canoe was alongside. Muscular black arms hauled me aboard. I lay gasping and inarticulate while the natives paddled to the shore.

• • •

That is about all there is to tell. I was taken to hospital that night. Luckily the croc. had bitten between the radius and ulna without injuring either bone.

Though the radial artery was severed, his blunt teeth had partially closed the gap, and prevented me from bleeding to death.

A few weeks in hospital and a couple of months of outside treatment saw me quite fit again.

The only after-effects of this gruesome ordeal are a nasty scar, a slight stiffness of the fingers of the left hand, a vindictive delight in "blotting out crocs." and a wholesome dread of deep water.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader tells how, as a youth of eighteen, he ran away to sea, and of the dramatic experiences which were crowded into his first voyage.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

TAUNTON WEEKLY MAIL:—"For all cinegoers it is UNDESERVEDLY recommended."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"The ceilings of the two adjoining ROADS crashed to the ground."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"—— got very VIOLET and struck the officer in the face."

SUNDAY PICTORIAL:—"Speed and strong defence were the BEAST features of the football."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The skill of modern surgery has snatched Mr. —— BACK TO DEATH.

DOWN RECORDER:—"The society had done a great amount of good in encouraging STOCKING-breeding."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"The volume of trade moving must increase considerably before the shipowner could hope to secure profitable employment for his HIPS."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The County then attacked, and Owen was called on to deal with shots from all ANGELS."

SOMERSET STANDARD:—"The jury returned a verdict of 'Death from ELOCUTION.'"

NORTH CHESHIRE HERALD:—"There is a risk of some varieties such as the BULLFINCH and GOLDFISH becoming extinct as the result of the activities of the BIRD CATCHER."

PERTHSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"Her Grace, as the HUSBAND of a notable soldier."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

The Deserted Baby

POOR baby Pam looks as if her little heart is broken, and well it may be. She and her brother have been separated from their mother, and are in an institution. Their father has been in prison since March for desertion and failure to maintain his wife and children.

Pam

Pam's mother has been in hospital several times, and underwent a serious operation last September.

She is living in the home of her father, who has only a postman's pension upon which to keep himself and his invalid wife, and cannot afford to support his daughter and her two children, aged five and four, by a former husband.

Before Pam was born, her mother, left a widow with two kiddies, married a widower, not realising the type of man he was. So baby Pam and her still younger brother are deprived of a father's protection and a mother's care.

Now, Pam's mother would dearly love to have her babies back, but on 18s. relief allowed her, not sufficient to pay her rent of 7s. 6d. and feed and clothe herself and the two children by her first husband who are with her, she knows that this is impossible.

What she would like would be to move to London and get work to support herself and children. Even when her husband is released from prison, she expects no help from him, as, though he is an ex-Service man who fought for his country, he is not fighting for his children, and baby Pam's heart may break, so far as he is concerned. Her mother's four-year-old boy has to attend a nerve hospital, and he and his five-year-old sister need boots and clothes.

Life is hard these days for the children of the unemployed, and, because it is doubly hard for those who like Pam are deserted by their dad, we appeal to our readers on her mother's behalf, to whom donations earmarked "Pam" will be devoted.

These, and donations for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

No Need to be BALD, GREY *or* Thinly Thatched-*Simply Post the Form Below*

"I would have lost my hair completely." Mr. G. B.

"Was completely bald at back of head." Mr. D. L.

"Bald patches covered." Mr. J.B.

"My hair was thin and scraggy. Now becoming stronger every day." Mr. T. M.

"I was bald all over my head. My hair has been fully restored." Mr. E. G.

These and the photographs below show the splendid results of using Mr. Frederick Godfrey's Preparation, a FREE supply of which is to be sent to every Reader who applies on the Form below.

GREAT NEW HAIR OFFER

To Readers of "John Bull"

"THERE is no need to be bald or grey or to have hair receding at the forehead, thinning on the crown, or beginning to show silver streaks. Everyone can now have a good head of natural coloured hair whatever their age." This sensational statement is made by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the famous Hair Specialist of Matlock Bath.

Friendly Challenge to All whose Hair is Deficient or Losing Colour.

He, however, goes much further than this and gives evidence of the literal truth of his claim in the form of reports and photographs from hundreds of men and women in every part of the British Isles and also from abroad, for people write to him from all corners of the earth for his advice. To-day Mr. Godfrey gives an even more certain test of the success of his hair growth discoveries. He offers to send free to every reader of this paper a trial supply of his marvellous Radio Active Hair Tonic (containing, with tested successful hair growth promoting ingredients, naturally radio active water from the world-famous Spring at Matlock Bath) which has worked such wonders in more than 300,000 cases—indeed, a remarkable record.

YOU CAN SECURE SIMILAR BENEFIT FOR YOUR HAIR.

Simply Post the Form on Right, and Mr. Godfrey will do the Rest.

If your hair is receding at the forehead or thinning on the crown—even if you are quite bald and have been bald for many years—it is still worth your while to try the free sample of Hair Tonic which will reach you merely by your posting the form below.

If your locks are greying or quite grey or even white Mr. Godfrey's friendly challenge is that you should send for the free bottle of Renair Tonic Hair Dressing which he defies anyone to use without finding splendid improvement.

Radio-Activity to the Hair's Rescue

If Scurf, Greasy Scalp, Dry, Brittle or Splitting Hair troubles you, Mr. Godfrey's test supply of Radio Active Hair Tonic will speedily prove to you that your hair condition can be quickly put right.

"The bald patch at the back of my head is completely covered. The hair came on by leaps and bounds." Miss M. E. M.

If you merely need a Hair Tonic Dressing for daily use there is nothing better than Frederick Godfrey's famous "Renair." Post the form below to-day and you will find out for yourself without risk or cost.

Mr. Godfrey does not ask anyone to accept his own opinions about what his preparations will do, nor does he ask anyone to rely on the reports of others, although it is impossible to ignore the significance of such reports as are printed on this page, which are only a few out of thousands.

"Everybody is admiring my good head of hair." Mrs. M. D.

SEND NO MONEY.

By a special arrangement readers of this paper are to receive a Trial supply of Frederick Godfrey's Hair Tonic Free.

£1,000 GUARANTEE that the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from reports received by Mr. Godfrey. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative statements.

Test That Involves Neither Risk Nor Cost

What Mr. Godfrey does ask of everyone who is not entirely satisfied with the condition of their hair or scalp to-day is to make a test entirely at his expense by sending the convenient Form printed below, and secure free of charge or obligation a testing supply of the famous Renair Tonic, which improves the growth of existing Hair and causes dormant roots to spring to new life in a way which can only be described as marvellous.

NOTE: As a guarantee of good faith, the names and addresses of the ladies and gentlemen whose photographs appear on this page will be communicated to bona fide inquiries.

"My hair is growing lovely. I was quite bald six weeks ago." Mrs. F. W.

Before.
After six weeks.

"New hair has quite covered the bald patches on top and back of head." Miss E. S.

FILL IN, CUT OUT AND POST without delay

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice.

I enclose two 1½d. stamps, value 3d., to cover postage and packing.

NAME ....

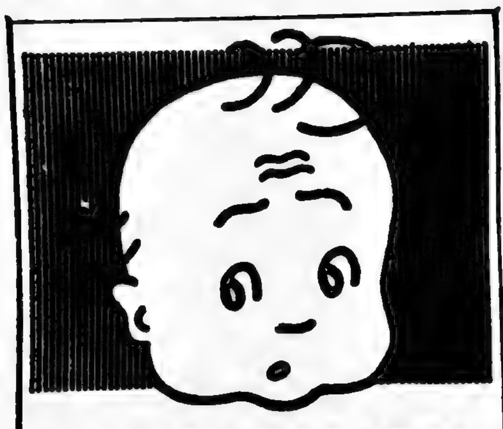
ADDRESS ....

(Please Print in Block Capitals) ....

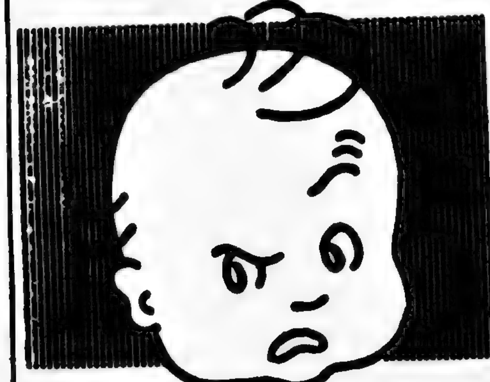
My Hair Trouble is underlined: Receding at Forehead, Thinning at Crown, Baldness, Bald Patches, Greyness, Colour Fading, Hair Combing Out, Thin and Weak or Splitting Hair, Dandruff, Scurf, Dry Irritation, Greasy Scalp.

If a tube of the famous Godfrey Pollex Shampoo is also required please enclose extra 3d. in stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐

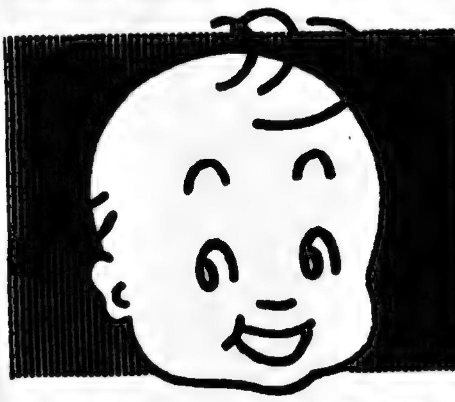
John Bull 6/5/1933



"Would 'ickle Billy like some nice ruskies for brekky



. . . or can mummy tempt him with a nice boiled egg?



"Or would Billy like some lovely crisp, crackly POST TOASTIES?"

There never was a breakfast dish which fitted in so well with springtime as Post Toasties. Like flecks of sunshine as they nestle in a dish of rich, creamy milk, these crisp, golden flakes will give you a zest for life and energy to live it. Don't wait, buy a packet to-day and take the family by surprise at to-morrow's breakfast table.

ONLY $7\frac{1}{2}$D.

Post Toasties
Double-Crisp
Corn Flakes

MADE IN CANADA
Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 38 Upper Ground St., S.E.1.

Say "I Will!"

—and go on saying it

Sunk in despair; and the only person who can save him is—himself!

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

NEARLY fifteen years ago the Armistice, ending the Great War, was signed. But we keep discovering that the casualties were not all confined to those who actually took part in the hostilities.

Only the other day a young fellow was charged at a police court with embezzlement, and his father made the plea that his son's delinquency was due to his having been born during an air raid.

It is natural, of course, for a parent to find an excuse for his child's wrongdoing, and this particular one may sound to many folk "far-fetched." But it is unquestionable that the strain of those war-time days had an effect upon the youngsters who are now young men and women.

The anxiety of a wife for her husband on active service; the lack of discipline during the time the father was away from home; faulty feeding caused by the shortage of food—these things interfered with the natural development of young life and have led to various abnormalities in the youth of to-day.

A great many of these young folk, of both sexes, are writing to tell me of their troubles.

Let me quote three typical cases. There is something in common with all of them, so I will give the letters first before attempting to suggest a solution.

Here is letter No. 1. It comes, as you will see, from a young man:

"I am writing to see if you can possibly relieve me of a great worry. I am handicapped by the terrible affliction known as stammering. It has been with me ever since I was a little boy and I am now nineteen years old.

"I haven't any friends because the young fellows round here won't associate with me. And though I am not a bad scholar, I have lost several good positions through my affliction. Even when I go into a shop for anything, I have to write my request down. The trouble is getting on my nerves and sometimes I get so depressed I burst into tears."

MY correspondent is slightly wrong on one point. The trouble is not "getting" on his nerves—it is already there. For stammering (without there is some physical symptom to account for it, and only a doctor can ascertain this) is purely a nervous complaint. And it can be cured. It has been cured in thousands of cases. How? Wait. Let us first look at the other cases.

My second letter has to do with one of those "shy young men" whose number seems to be rapidly increasing.

"I am a young married man, just twenty-four years old," he writes. "Ever since I was a small lad I have been of a shy disposition, and lately the trouble has developed so much that it has made me lose all interest in life.

"I work in a large factory, and although I am fond of my work, I hate to go every morning because of this self-consciousness. I should be greatly obliged if you could tell me of a cure."

This letter is true to type—with one exception. This correspondent is married. Marriage usually cures the "shy young man" of any super-sensitiveness. Companionship is the finest antidote to self-consciousness. But evidently not so in this case. We shall have to seek for a remedy elsewhere But let us look at the troubles of my third correspondent.

This letter comes from a woman who is feeling desperately sorry for herself.

"May I ask for some help, please?" she writes. "I am feeling pretty miserable and well-nigh hopeless. In short, I have absolutely lost faith in myself. I am twenty-seven years old, not quite five feet in height, and possessed of average intelligence. I live very quietly at home, have no friends, probably because I am rather moody and a bookworm, and have neither money nor inclination for amusements.

"For two years I had poor health, but I am now perfectly fit, except for this wretched inferiority complex which makes life a burden to me. I feel I could be a nurse. My cousin is a doctor and one of my aunts was a clever nurse. And whilst I don't aspire to their heights, I would like to get a chance to prove that I am not a waster."

NOW here are three young people whose ages are nineteen, twenty-four and twenty-seven respectively At their time of life they ought to be overflowing with what the French call *joie de vivre*. And yet, consider their complaints.

The first one says, "I get so depressed I burst into tears." The second one, "I have lost all interest in life." And the third, "I am feeling miserable and utterly hopeless."

Some of my readers may say, "I have no patience with such folk. They need a jolly good shaking up."

I do not altogether share that view.

I am fairly safe in saying that all these three troubles—stammering, shyness and depression—have their root in a faulty nervous system. And the remedy for these things is very largely in our own hands. Our nerves are just like big bullies—the more we submit to their domination, the more they exert their power over us. We are inclined to forget that "the mind is the master of the man."

THE greatest gift that was ever bestowed upon human nature is the power to say, "I will." When this power becomes paralysed it leads to such troubles as those of my three correspondents. It therefore follows that their problems will be solved when their will-power is recaptured from the "slough of despond."

Now here are some practical suggestions:

The young man who stammers should practise reciting definite sentences before a looking-glass, and then repeat those sentences to some person who is sympathetically disposed towards him.

If he has any musical gift, he should join a choir or a choral society. Singing is often a great help in such complaints. Besides, it will help to lift him out of himself, and to form those friendships which he obviously lacks to-day.

The second young man, too, must force himself to mix with other people. Let him enlist the aid of his wife. Together they could join a rambling, a tennis, or a cycling club. In self-forgetfulness he will find his cure.

And my advice to my third correspondent is very simple. "I feel I could be a nurse,' she says. Then why not? Now that she is physically fit again, there seems no earthly reason why she should not do so. She can obtain particulars about how she can train as a nurse from the matron of any hospital.

Just one final word. If these suggestions to my three correspondents do not bring the desired result, then a nerve specialist or a psychologist should be consulted. The former can be seen at any general hospital, and the latter can be found in nearly every good-sized town.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Derby Problems

THE fall of the mighty in the first of the classic races has vindicated the judgment of the compiler of the Free Handicap for two-year-olds.

Mr. Fawcett put the fillies Myrobella, Betty and Brown Betty at the top of affairs. Then came Manitoba, Hyperion (a filly), Jim Thomas and Supervisor (a filly). Apart from Manitoba, the only one of these in the Derby is Hyperion.

By Gainsborough out of Selene, Hyperion is owned by Lord Derby. Her record of last season, and her breeding, are excellent, and she may be the one to be on at Epsom this month.

I do not think Rodosto need be feared, and, of the leading half-a-dozen behind him at Newmarket, I would as soon take Light Sussex as any. The North Country colt is a reasonable each-way long-shot.

The Kempton Park Jubilee is a nearer-at-hand problem. and a winner here will provide the necessary for a few flutters on the big race at Epsom.

I take Firdaussi to be the pick of the Fitzroy House trio. Pricket we know is fit. Venturer is out for the "double," and, lower down, at a tempting weight, comes Galdennis. Firdaussi has to give Galdennis nearly two stone, and I do not think he can do it. Galdennis is the tip.

For the Saturday "double" I suggest Heaven Sent and the speedy Beckhampton two-year-old, Muscatel.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 4, to Wednesday, May 10.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

It's all very *well* to say firmly, "Something warm before you go to bed." The thing to *do* is to make that something nice. Add a big spoonful of Nestlé's Milk. It makes plain cocoa delicious as chocolate. Adds a *lot* of goodness to *any* bedtime drink.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

> **All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.**

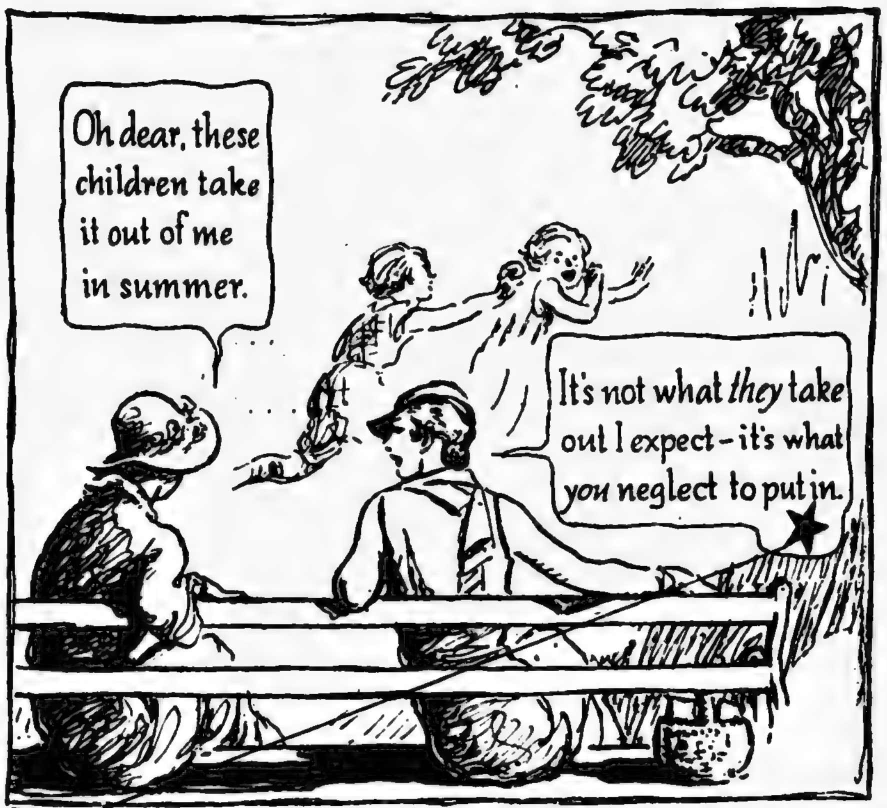
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,* Proprietors of "John Bull."**

A "JOINT" SUCCESS

—it's nicer with Mustard

—Colman's Mustard


Oh dear, these children take it out of me in summer.
It's not what *they* take out I expect – it's what *you* neglect to put in.

★ **SUMMER SLACKNESS** is generally a sign that you are under-nourished. There's always this risk of under-nourishment in summer diets. You've learned not to clog your system with heat-supplying foods — most wisely. But your body *must* have sufficient fuel to burn for energy. And most of the summer foods you eat—yes, probably in generous quantities—are poor in fuel-value.

That's why you feel limp!

YOU NEED THE EXTRA NOURISHMENT of a cup of Bourn-vita daily. Bourn-vita helps to provide the energy-fuel your diet lacks. It helps you to sleep *soundly*. Each day's wear and tear is thus fully repaired each night, and you wake up in the morning fit for anything. Bourn-vita is simply concentrated nourishment — in its lightest, most refreshing and energising form. So completely and easily does your body assimilate it that 90% of Bourn-vita can be converted into human energy in a few hours.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

(A SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION OF MALT, MILK, NEW LAID EGGS AND CHOCOLATE)

for sleep and energy

¼ LB. - 9D. ½ LB. - 1/5. WEIGHT GUARANTEED

A Supporting Corset such as is pictured on this page, the inner belt of which is easily adjusted, will support a fallen stomach. And by taking pressure away from nerve-centres it will give you relief from aching nerves and muscles—and ensure perfect figure lines. 30,000 doctors recommend this corset to patients and to women who require support. Other women wear it as a "health and beauty habit."

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere. This will not place you under any obligation.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:
LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2 Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

constipation

saps vitality and charm

Banish it

safely, surely, in a few hours *with this pleasant gentle laxative*

NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Feen-a-mint is the *natural* laxative.
It causes no pain, no after-effects;
It is *non-habit-forming*. Excellent
for children, too!

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:

White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. F.4),
15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

Amazing FEUD of the FOREST

"The terrifying spectacle which Ashdown Forest has presented night after night . . . the fiercest act of organised vandalism . . ."

"ASHDOWN FOREST FIRE: ANOTHER OUTBREAK."

The appearance of these headlines in the daily newspapers in the past three months has become almost monotonous.

In eighty days fifty-two separate fires have devastated more than 2,000 acres, or one-third of the prettiest woodland scenery in the highlands of Sussex.

For the most part the public has read only descriptions of the terrifying spectacle which Ashdown Forest has presented night after night as it has been consumed by the rapid sequence of fires in widely separated places.

What has not been sufficiently made known is that the ravaging of these great tracts of lovely woodland represents the fiercest act of organised vandalism which this country has known for many generations.

There must be great sympathy, however, with the forest dwellers for whose cause the wreckers are working so strangely. To them burning appears to be the only method left to call attention to what they define as the loss of their birthright.

Mad racketeers

An insensate campaign of destruction is in progress. And the police and the guardians of the forest have so far been beaten by the terrorists into impotency.

The forces of law and order, it might well be thought, have completely broken down

Most astounding of all the circumstances is that there is no real doubt as to the identity of the perpetrators of the prolonged and audacious outrages.

With the authorities it is a case of knowing well their quarry but being unable to stalk or even sight it.

Even a total stranger who went to live in the region of the forest for a few days would not have much difficulty in compiling a fairly accurate list of the names of those who are engaged in this extraordinary racket.

For a racket it is, although the racketeers are as different in their personality and objects from the ordinary bandits of commerce and society as the imagination can conceive.

The forest folk of Ashdown would feel insulted indeed if anyone said to their faces that those who are responsible for, or are conniving at, the wasting of the countryside are miscreants. To them it appears that a war by fire is being fought with the fervour of a great idealism.

They portray their unconcern in broad smiles when it is mentioned to them that anyone found guilty of the fire-raising would be liable to fourteen years' penal servitude.

"They can never be punished," they say. "It would not be justice. It's the feud."

A feud with *whom*?

They cannot answer the question themselves.

In the cosy timber hut which is his home one of the stalwart sons of the forest was asked to answer it the other day.

He strode through the door, took up a position with his back turned to the forest, and swept his arm towards the open spaces in front—miles of green-sward broken in the middle distance by hamlets, cottages and spires and receding beyond into hazy billows of foliage.

"With them! With that!" He shouted to make plain his anger against the unnamed enemy.

There is, in fact, no real enemy. The feud is against the march of time itself.

They have been overwhelmed, these commoners of the forest, by the unjust processes by which so much of the land of this country has been lost to the people. The flames which rise at night and make moving walls around them proclaim their mute rebellion against something they cannot define.

Strange convictions

They have come to think of themselves as akin in spirit and purpose to Robin Hood's men—avengers and preservers of ancient rights and liberties.

For countless generations the belief that they are the territorial magnates of the forest and its environs has been inculcated in them.

Many are the descendants of the men who governed the forest before Agincourt and who guarded it when it was the base of the sea-smugglers and an Alsatia of safe sanctuary for the hunted outlaw and the fleeing criminal.

There must be few of them, indeed, whose lineage, if it could be established, would not prove that their forebears were free foresters when the mediæval kings of England hawked in Ashdown and hunted the wild boar, the roebuck, and the tall red deer which teemed in its sombre depths.

Every town, village and settlement on the forest verge to-day came into existence really from the need of accommodation for the kings, the lords and their retinues who came to it when the hawk and falcon nested in its trees.

Foolish braggarts

From father to son down the centuries the story has travelled that the monarchs of England granted inalienable rights and privileges to the forest population and its posterity—amounting to nothing less, in truth, than entire possession of it and the far-flung lands which it covered in bygone ages.

A visitor who wins the confidence of a commoner may be shown a family Bible with a crude map sketched upon its fly-leaf.

As a legal document proving former possession and heritage it would, course, be worthless in a court of la but to the owner it seems living eviden that great and rich private estates ha been carved out of the forest lan where his fathers roamed their her and got their daily sustenance.

Curiously, the commoners harbour personal resentment or embittermen against the owners and tenants of t manors whose territories they view wi jealous eyes. Instead, they frank praise them for their benefactions a as generous employers.

There is, however, unmistakab enmity and hatred of landholders w in the inns and taverns of the countr side boast of the boldness of the grandfathers in filching the forest, a who do not conceal their own hope being able to add still more to their tates from the common acres.

The forest people have been nee lessly angered by these braggarts. F fifty years a Board of Conservato appointed by Parliament has protect them and the grazings for the diminished herds against any possibil of further encroachment.

The flame weapon

With this Board, however, they ste fastly refuse to co-operate, and eve invitation to bring their grievances a troubles before it has been ignored. T Board, they declare, is autocratic a only symbolises the legalising of theft of the people's land.

In the use of the flame weapon forest vandals have reason to feel s against being caught red-handed. B to woodcraft and inheritors of natu cunning, they know when they under observation as plainly as if watchers shouted their presence.

When a fire is to be started ev movement of the forest rangers, sentries of the woodlands, is mar and signalled through the glades. incendiaries are far away when the f flames rise.

Very simple is the method used ignite the forest. The bottom knocked out of a tin and a stub lighted candle is placed inside canister in a cushion of gorse heather. Any gleam from the burn candle is hidden by a tapering fun of brown paper placed over the tin.

When the rangers and their help are concentrated in one blazing a another cascade of flame in the dista is the only trail the fire-fiends leav

Only a few nights ago a vigil pa who had lain concealed for hours in undergrowth were within striking tance of the fire-lighters. They their torches flash for a second now then as the ground was being exami to find a seat for still another fire

The watchers made a quick forw rush to the spot where the points light had pierced the darkness. Be the first stride had been taken the of an owl broke the stillness of night. It was the alarm call.

And fast though the pursuers lea the retreat of the torch-bearers quicker The forest swallowed them

Ashdown is an assemblage of Nature's beauties, and at its fo infant England took her name. to-day the pyre of an empty feud.

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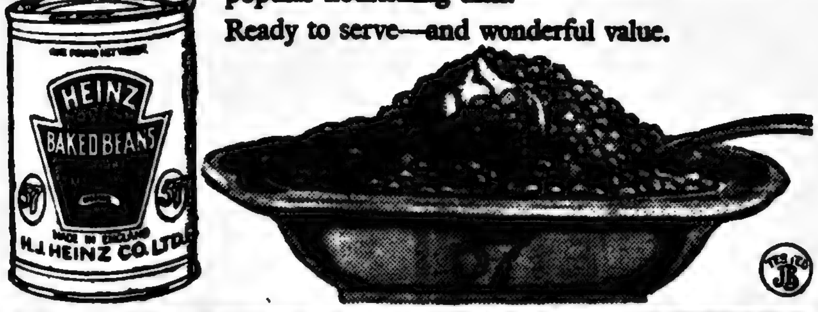

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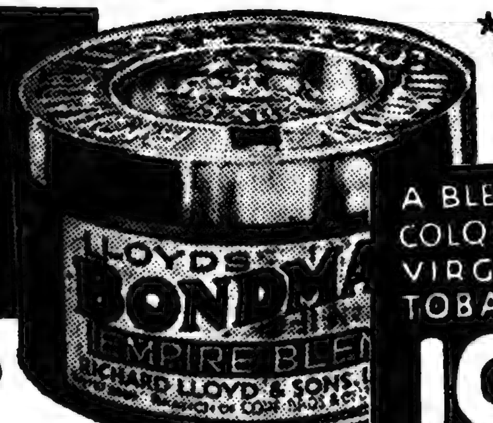

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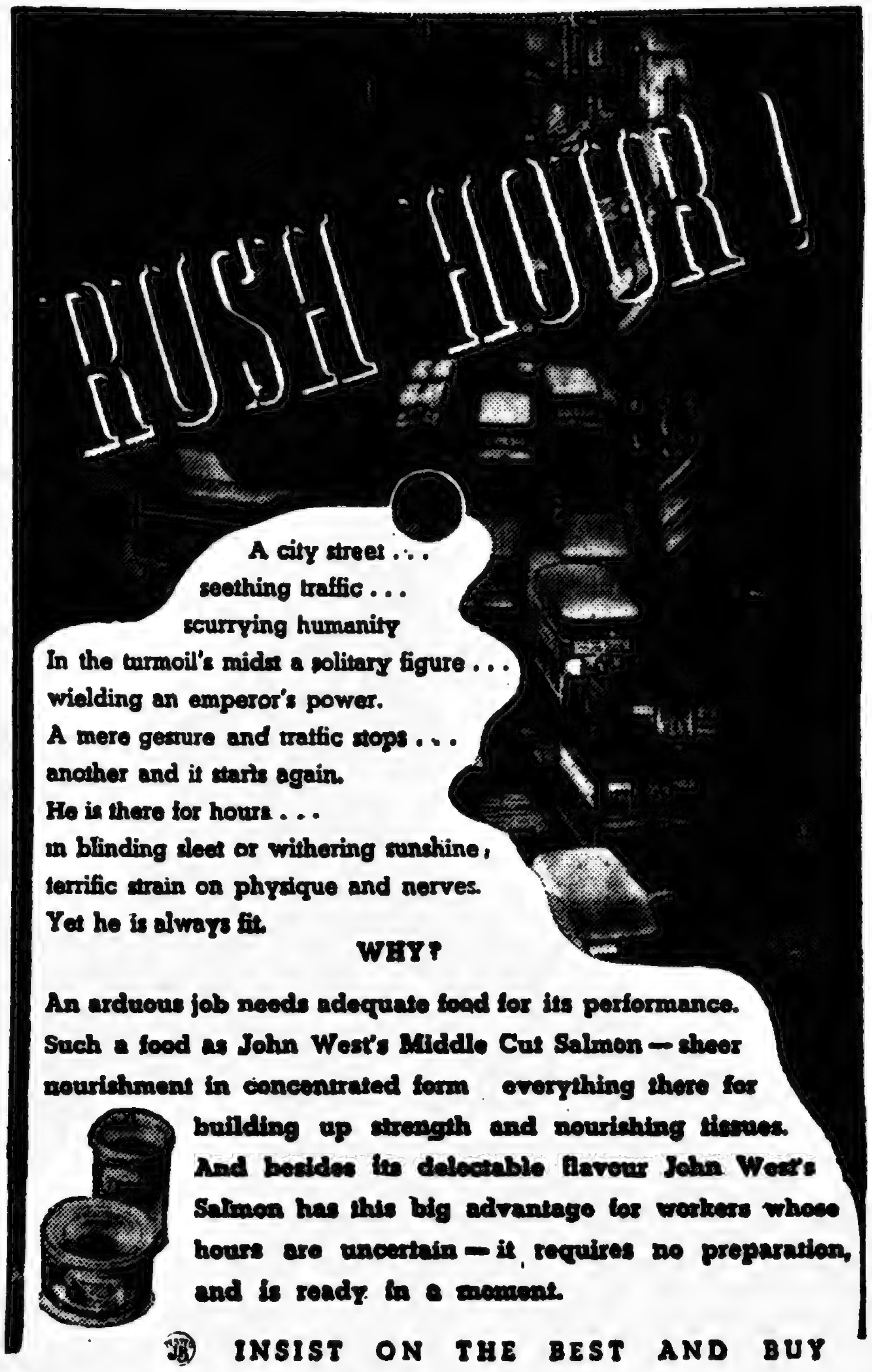

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seething traffic . . .
scurrying humanity
In the turmoil's midst a solitary figure . . .
wielding an emperor's power.
A mere gesture and traffic stops . . .
another and it starts again.
He is there for hours . . .
in blinding sleet or withering sunshine,
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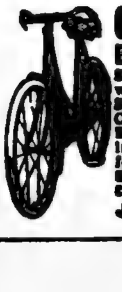

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Mr. GEO. WINN

"A BOOT nail scratch started a poisoned wound under my big toe," writes Mr. Geo. Winn, of 21, Hancock St., Rusholme, Manchester. "The sore became inflamed and the itching and pain were very severe. There was a continuous discharge. Every time my foot touched the ground, the throbbing pains were intensified.

"For two months I tried all sorts of useless preparations; then I started with Zam-Buk. It was wonderful to find Zam-Buk driving out the awful pain and soothing the irritation as well. This splendid ointment stopped the discharge, then completely healed my foot with new skin. Zam-Buk also healed a nasty gash on my son's hand."

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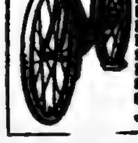

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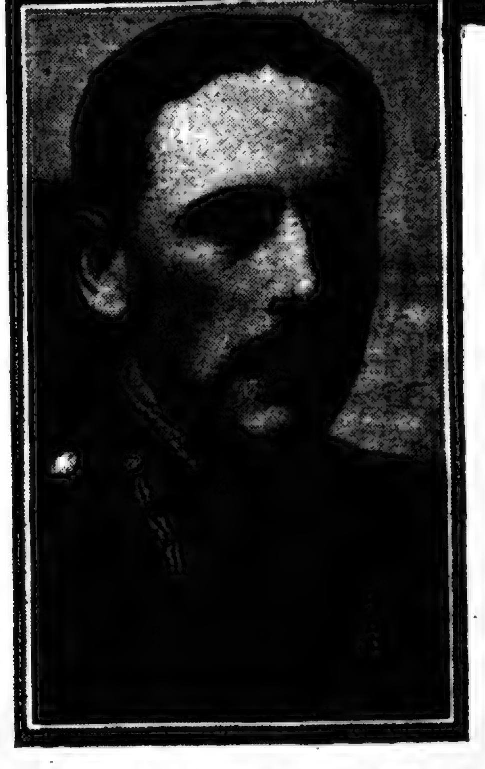
I Had THREE LIVES in My Greatest Hour

—says Brig.-Gen. Guy Livingston

(*late Director of Air Organisation at the War Office*)

in this interview with "John Bull"

Imperial War Museum Photo.



Brig.-Gen. Livingston, and (above) an actual scene taken in Flanders of a German bombardment of a British howitzer battery

WHEN one can look back on a life crowded with adventure up and down the world, it is no easy matter to point to one single hour that one would live again.

Even so, I think, having considered the matter over a cigarette, that the one hour that I will always remember, even if I would not re-live did the Fates permit a second innings in life, is that in which, by the logic of fact, I should have met a sudden death.

Maybe the supreme experience of coming within an ace of death gives, in retrospect, spice to the memory and makes that hour stand forth above all others.

But suppose within that brief sixty minutes one is thrice elbowed by death and yet reprieved?

Maybe, you will agree, that makes such an hour immensely more amazing and never-to-be-forgotten.

I know very well that there are alive to-day many men who could tell of tales from the days of the war as remarkable as my own. But that fact does not make my great hour any the less wonderful to me.

Battle rumour . . .

When my battalion, the 3rd London, received orders to proceed from Malta, where we were stationed, for active service, I was a Company Commander.

It was in the early days of the war when our Army in the field was desperately short of infantry.

Hence our progress towards the line was far more rapid than was the case in the years that followed. A week at Etaples and we shifted up to St. Omer, the G.H.Q. of our Army then.

A few days later we were in the line and receiving our first taste of modern war.

Rumours had a queer way of travelling during those days. Nobody ever knew whence they came, but everybody was prepared to vouch for their truth. The rumour that ran through our part of the line foretold a mighty battle.

Events proved it to be no canard.

The day of the battle broke and with it came an intensive bombardment. We were in support, and such was the terrific noise of the artillery that it was almost impossible to hear oneself speak, or to hear oneself think, for that matter.

Long odds

Zero hour came and the infantry attack started. The moment came for us to move up.

We had just about taken up our position when a German shell burst right on the parapet. It was, I suppose, a ninety-nine to one chance against me, but beyond being knocked unconscious for some minutes, that shell did me no harm.

Others about me had been less lucky. I had clear evidence of the sort of death by disintegration which I had miraculously escaped. . . .

The position we held was known as Port Arthur, a series of redoubts, with eight-foot parapets. Our orders were to take the German trench opposite, one that had been missed by our artillery and was consequently undamaged.

Because of this we were told to wait for artillery-covering fire before going "over the top." Our trench-mortars got busy, and we waited with that nervous tension known to all men who have stood by waiting to attack.

Suddenly everything was blotted out for me. For how long I remained unconscious I do not know. When I came to it was to see a solicitous face peering into mine and to hear a familiar Cockney voice exclaim: "Gawd! But I thought you was done for that time, sir."

Death's elbow

What had happened I then learned. A trench mortar had burst, killing seven men, wounding five others.

All these men were further from the mortar than I was!

Once more death had come near, had elbowed me, and passed on. . . .

When I had gathered my scattered wits I found that it had been decided that Captain H. A. Moore's company of men should attack the German trench in front of us, while the 1st Seaforths should attack on the flank.

The German trenches bristled with machine-guns, and it looked a pretty hopeless proposition, for between us and the enemy lay 250 yards of open country without any protection at all.

And that was not the worst; the parapet of the German trenches was a good eight feet high, and over that we had to clamber.

We did take that trench, though it cost half my company in killed and wounded, and I slid down into the trench with only one other officer unhurt—my junior captain.

Twice as we went forward over that 250 yards of death the man on either side of me had fallen.

. . . Something done

There were in that trench about eighty Germans whom we had taken prisoner.

For me the supreme moment was the knowledge that we had made our objective. But I was feeling, I have no doubt, the strain.

In times of intense physical strain, coupled with the strain that is inseparable from the responsibilities of leading men who look to one for leadership, I think the body does not present its account, but waits a while.

By that I mean that one may be in a condition that normally would not be far from total collapse without having any notion of it.

That is, of course, until the period of reaction sets in. That is when Nature presents her account.

I had given orders to a man to abandon the project of bayoneting a German who was attempting to kiss my hand to the chant of "Mercy, Kamerad!" when I realised that I had a desperate craving.

I wanted a cigarette more than anything in the world.

"It's time we had a smoke," I said to Captain Rochford, my junior. And with the words I pulled out my cigarette case.

Rochford put out a hand to take a cigarette and suddenly exclaimed: "Good heaven! Look at that!"

I looked. A bullet hole had pierced the silver, passed through the cigarettes and had come to rest in a corner of the case!

Obviously a bullet nearly spent, but one that still had enough velocity to penetrate a metal object.

. . . and the moral?

I looked at Rochford: he looked at me. The same thought was in the minds of both of us. It was this: *The cigarette case had been struck while it lay snug in my tunic pocket—snug directly over the region of my labouring heart!*

Had that little metal case not been there that bullet would have sunk through my tissues and inevitably killed me instantaneously.

So I had, on that day, and within a single hour, missed death three times.

Such an hour is not one any man could forget.

I happen to be a man of action, and no philosopher. That is why, if there be any moral to be drawn from my experience, I must ask others to find it.

TRUTH ABOUT SPAIN

Spain—land of romance and revolution, of toreadors and tragedy, where grim realities stalk hand in hand with lost traditions and glories.

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His impressions, packed with romantic glamour and hard facts, are appearing exclusively in the *Daily Herald*. Begin reading to-day.

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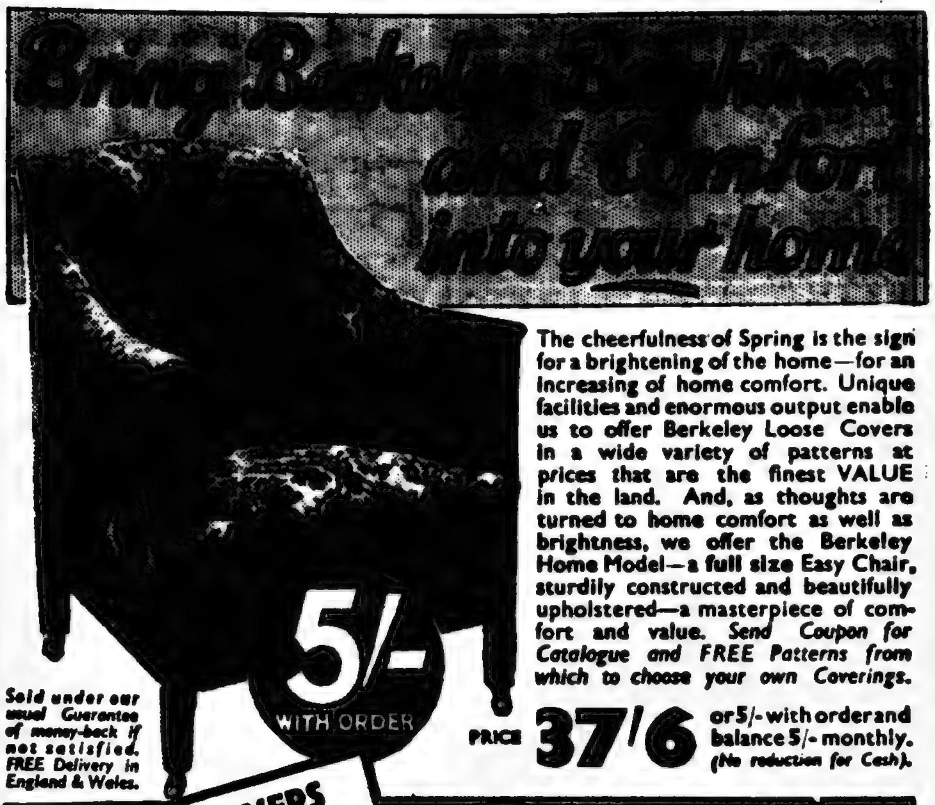

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Doctor's Amazing Beauty Discovery

Read Below How Women of 50 May Now Look 30

Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna has startled the world with the announcement of an amazing discovery which restores youth to the skin. This product, called 'Biocel' is a marvellous highly concentrated extract obtained from young animals. Used in skin nutrition tests by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women of 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal). The sole rights of this discovery have been acquired by Tokalon, and Biocel is now combined with other skin-nourishing ingredients in Crème Tokalon Skin-food, Rose Colour, according to the special formula of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. By its use, an aged, faded skin can quickly be rejuvenated, wrinkles disappear and sagging facial muscles be toned up and tightened. Women of 50, or even 60, may obtain complexions that might well be the envy of many a young girl.

BOYS of the YOUNG BRIGADE

FIFTY years ago, in a small church hall in Glasgow, thirty boys were collected together into a small club. That club was Company No. 1 of what we now know as the Boys' Brigade.

This week the vast Albert Hall in London was packed with boys from its lofty dome to the furthest recesses of its floor. All of them gathered together for the mammoth Jubilee demonstration of the Brigade.

Those original thirty boys have now grown into over 200,000, and the old company has multiplied into hundreds more, dotted about all over the earth.

Of Company No. 1 there are eleven survivors. The man who founded the Brigade, who first got them together, Sir William Smith, is dead. But his work lives on, grown now into one of the largest and finest efforts in practical Christianity to be seen anywhere.

The idea before the founder fifty years ago was to provide, for boys of school-leaving age, a refuge from the streets. There was no other organisation then in existence which could do it.

Those were the days when "boys should be seen and not heard," and if thoughtful people pointed to the tragedy of vigorous young life running to seed in the evil of the streets of that time, complacent Christians merely shrugged their shoulders and murmured that "boys would be boys." Meaning, probably, that they would be bad boys.

Sir William Smith thought differently, and so the great idea began.

The little pill-box hats, the gay little uniform, the drums and fifes, the gymnasium and the club room with its games were the lure then, dear to every boy's heart, just as they still are to-day.

ALL healthy boys want to belong to a gang. The Brigade provided them with the right gang

And in providing them with this outlet for a natural instinct, it instilled into them at the same time three simple manly virtues—self-respect, discipline, reverence.

How far the founder's ideas succeeded you can find in the records of the Brigade to-day. Among all the hundreds of thousands who have grown to manhood in that fifty years you will find hardly any instance where a past member of the Brigade has ever gone to prison.

The skilled artisan class of Britain, the backbone of the nation, is filled with members from its ranks. In the war, old Brigade boys won a dozen V.C.s.

To-day the Brigade is self-supporting, as it has been almost throughout its history. The great Jubilee demonstration this week was not an appeal for funds. It was a celebration of their pride in their great movement, which the boys finance almost entirely by themselves.

With countless organisations for every conceivable social and charitable purpose appealing on every hand to the public's purse, the Boys' Brigade has pursued, and achieved, its noble aims without asking for scarcely a penny. That is, perhaps, its proudest record of all.

Off to camp—two members of the great gang start off with heavy burdens and light hearts

During the past few difficult years the Brigade's work has been more important possibly than at any time during its history. Its members have been "stripped for action," as it were, all the time throwing their whole weight into the effort to counteract the dire effects of juvenile unemployment.

For tens of thousands of boys the years fourteen to sixteen are now "the lost years," as the Duke of York tragically described them the other day. It is a true description, not only because of the opportunities lost during those years, sunk in the grim tide of unemployment, but also because the boy is literally lost to the State and, too often, to himself.

At fourteen the State loses sight of him until he is insured at the age of sixteen.

There is no compulsory continuation school, no compulsory unemployment registration. He can't get insured, he can't draw unemployment benefit, he has no panel doctor, and he can't even be charged with being beyond the control of his parents. If his parents cannot help him, the State certainly won't.

This is where the Boys' Brigade steps in. The Brigade wants to help him, and it has now got 100,000 of such boys to-day—helping to tide them over "the lost years," endowing them with self-respect and manly strength to face the world which they must enter at sixteen, when the State will remember them again.

It provides them with an outlet for that spirit of adventure in the young adolescent. It is that spirit, and not really criminal tendencies, which is swelling the increasing number of police-court charges against boys of fourteen to eighteen.

Successive Home Secretaries moaning through White Paper statistics on these figures, "regretfully noting" the increased prevalence of juvenile crime, do not help the matter much, though surely it is the task of the State to alter the conditions which produce it. Instead, the Boys' Brigade cheerfully shoulders the task.

THERE are now many organisations helping the Brigade in the great task of saving the raw material of the nation's manhood. They have all grown from that tiny seed planted fifty years ago in the dingy little church hall in Glasgow.

Greatest among them perhaps is the National Association of Boys' Clubs. Affiliated to it to-day are more than 900 boys' clubs, comprising about 150,000 members.

Their club-rooms cover the country and are extending all the time, in order to fulfil the association's ambition of providing a club in every town and district in Britain.

The association pursues the same ideals and is imbued with the same purpose as the Boys' Brigade.

But the Brigade's Company No. 1 were the pioneers. Eleven of them have lived on, not merely to pass on the task, but to march ahead with the youngest and strongest, supporting it still.

So let us in saluting the boys of the young Brigade not forget to salute the boys of the old Brigade, too.

The Human Machine

KEEP COOL!

IF you can argue without losing your temper you are on the way to a large measure of self-control. If you can be beaten in an argument, see your pet theories demolished and your cherished beliefs shattered without getting angry about it, you are well on the way to complete self-mastery. If you can cheerfully admit that you have been beaten and that your views will have to be revised, you have achieved a state of mind that few attain.

Don't imagine that you can do all this unless you are prepared to put in endless practice and training. Don't run away with the idea that it's an easy thing to do. It's anything but easy; it's one of the hardest things in the world. Pride, self-esteem, egotism, cocksureness and a host of other petty little vices have to be kept very firmly in check before you can engage in argument as a logical exercise instead of a vulgar slanging match.

We can't help arguing. Apart from beliefs and opinions we hold and hate to hear attacked, we are bound to exchange opinions with other people.

It would be a dull world if we all thought alike; and it would be a slow world unless we were capable of spotting the weak places in the other fellow's ideas and showing how they can be improved. Progress rarely begins in agreement; its roots lie in dissension.

But progress is too often slowed up because dissension too frequently spells quarrelling. It needn't, and it shouldn't. We can all learn to differ without fighting over our differences, and the quicker we learn it the more we shall accomplish.

What we so often forget is that the real object of argument and discussion is to find the bit of common ground—however small—from which we may advance.

"Oh-h
that
Digestive
PAIN
again!"

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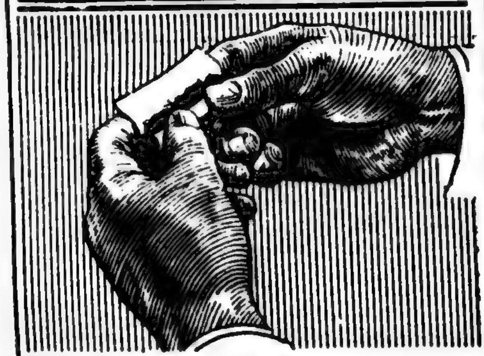

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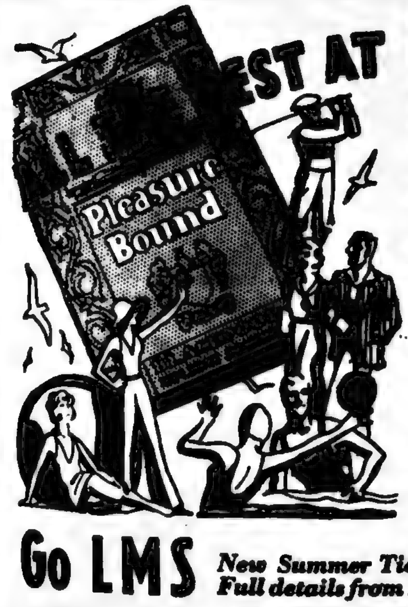

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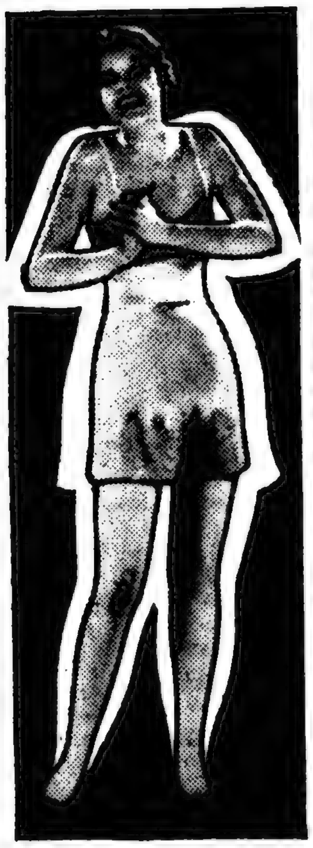

There's really no such thing as a "stylish stout," because after all, stylish women are never fat. Look about you, notice your friends, the stars of stage and screen, the society women whose pictures are in the papers.

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SONG that Reached My HEART

THE Thanksgiving Service for the King's recovery from his illness was over, and he stood on the balcony of the Palace. Below, people were cheering. Then someone started to sing, then another, until all were singing.

As I listened I seemed to grow cold; the roots of my hair tingled, tears came to my eyes, a lump rose in my throat. I wanted to shout, to cry, to sing, but could not.

The song they were singing not only reached my heart, it reached my soul and reawakened loyalty, for they sang "God Save the King."—*Chas. Harvey, London, N.*

Too Late

"You'll never miss your mother till she's gone." Only a song, but hearing it for the first time some months ago I realised how true it is.

Each note, each word brought tears to my eyes, and as the song ended, leaving me with an aching heart, how I wished I could make recompense to the one who, shouldering her burdens with a smile, made my life a happy playtime.—*A. A., Sussex.*

"Home"

I emigrated to America six years ago, and one evening, in a variety theatre, a lovely soprano singer sang "Home, Sweet Home."

I shall never forget the wonderful thrill that rushed through me when I listened to it. Time, place, and everything were forgotten in the rapture of those lovely words, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

That night it haunted me so much that I made up my mind that home I'd go, and here I am enjoying a lovely holiday among my ain folk.—*Mrs. Anne Harper, Ayrshire.*

Transported

I was a member of a party giving a concert at one of our Poor Law institutions.

During an interval our pianist commenced to play "Love's Old Sweet Song." At first an aching silence, unbroken save for an occasional muffled cough—or was it a stifled sob? Then falteringly, but gaining confidence, quavering voices took up the refrain.

"Just a Song at Twilight"—what memories did it bring? Who knows? Certainly not I, who only dimly saw the aged faces of those old folk living for a few brief moments in the Land of Might Have Been.—*Doris Corke, Liverpool.*

Not Purchasable

"That Old-Fashioned Mother of Mine." How many realise the beautiful character portrayed in that song?

Just an old-fashioned lady, for whom there were no fine clothes, no jewels to bedeck her breast, for her self-sacrificing nature did not allow for either.

Yet beneath the surface were jewels far more precious than money could buy—a sweet nature, a heart of gold and a love that was divine.

A song that never fails to touch the chords of my heart, because it describes my own "Old-Fashioned Mother" far more adequately than I could.—*J. R. B., Essex.*

Awakened

It was when I heard "Dreaming" that I realised my true state of mind. I was a laggard, always thinking of what I might have been instead of being up and doing.

It reached my heart, for at the time I was, as now, in love, and to think this also a "might have been" made me put forth all that was in me.

I'm trying now for big things, for she who waits shall not wait in vain.—*"Striver," Greenwich.*

Living Testimony

It was my grandparents' diamond jubilee. Grandpa, who was then eighty-two, stood at the piano with his eyes fixed on his dear old wife. In a voice feeble with age and husky with emotion he sang "My Old Dutch."

His touching sincerity reached the hearts of the whole company.

For sixty years he and his Old Dutch had lived as sweethearts. Now at the eventide of their lives their enduring love was to everyone present a living testimony to the words of the song.—*J. W. Barber, Sunderland.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Key to Freedom

"Love Will Find a Way" will always hold a warm corner in my heart. During my husband's two years' unemployment it has been like a beacon, helping me to carry on.

Despite misfortune, faith in each other has helped us to stand the buffetings of destiny, when many couples more comfortably placed have failed to hit it off.

Love holds the key to set us free when depression gets too big a grip at times.—*"Sunny Side," Aberdeen.*

Never Again

One evening, while waiting for a theatre to open, an old man sang "In an Old-Fashioned Town."

It brought back memories of the old folk and how, with the thoughtlessness of youth, I had neglected to write or visit them. Then memories of their dear voices and faces, the old home with its garden of memories.

Straight away I went and wrote arranging a visit. The warmth of my welcome made me resolve never again to omit to keep in touch with them.—*H. A., Worcester.*

Gus Elen: "It was just like listening to dad"

Just— Like Him

"Dahn the road, away went Polly." It was dad's one and only. We never understood why he should burst forth in such exaggerated Cockney tones, but recently I listened on the radio to Gus Elen.

Gus is over seventy now, and he said he would try to sing the song as he did thirty-five years ago. It was just like listening to dad, and dad passed on four years ago.

Never again shall we hear him, but it was only then that I realised it was a song of memories to him.—*M. Hamilton, London, N.*

Back to Duty

I was seriously thinking of leaving my husband and baby. Owing to ill-health and worry I felt I could not carry on any longer.

One day a friend persuaded me to go to a kinema with her. During the interval a small boy came on to the stage and sang "Daddy."

The song seemed to go right to my heart, and made me see how wicked it would be to make my loved ones suffer through my selfishness. It made me realise my duty.—*L. M., Merton.*

• • •

"The Blind Boy," sung by a blind negro minstrel at a charity festival. It seemed to me that the very soul of the unfortunate man was lain bare by his interpretation of the words and music.—*A. B., Ashted.*

Never shall I forget a white-haired seventy-year-old man and his wife standing on the platform, hand in hand, to sing in thin, quavering voices: "When life's sun is setting, I will love you just the same as on our wedding-day."—*R., Durham.*

"One little raindrop doesn't make a shower." What better message of hope could anyone have?—*F. A. M., Thetford.*

"Pack Up Your Troubles" will always be to me the greatest of all tonics, helping me to look forward to brighter days.—*B. Bourne, Manchester.*

"The Lost Chord" leads me to the edge of the Infinite. It speaks straight to my heart and spirit, to the very core and root of my soul.—*F. B., Lancs.*

"Troubles are like bubbles, they soon fade away." When one looks back on all the "troubles" that have been got over, one realises how true these words are.—*J. T., Coventry.*

"Underneath the Arches" makes me think of the homeless and down-and-outs who every night have to find some arch where they will be protected from the wind and cold.—*J. J. Burnand, Sheffield.*

"Put a little sunshine in the winter of their lives" makes me remember what the old folks have done for me, the sacrifices they made, the good example they set.—*Mrs. C., Preston.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, May 9.

The Problem that Beats Me.

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for May 6

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) LIVERPOOL v. Wednesday.
(2) LEICESTER v. W. B. Albion.
(3) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Everton.
•(4) BOLTON v. Leeds.
(5) ASTON VILLA v. Derby.
(6) CHELSEA v. Sunderland.
••(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Manchester City.
(8) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackburn.
•(9) NEWCASTLE v. Blackpool.
(10) PORTSMOUTH v. Birmingham.
(11) Sheffield U. v. Arsenal.

SECOND DIVISION.

••(1) STOKE v. Bradford City.
••(2) HOTSPUR v. Notts County.
(3) Bradford v. Lincoln.
(4) Burnley v. Bury.
(5) CHARLTON v. Chesterfield.
(6) Grimsby v. Port Vale.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Swansea.
(8) Forest v. FULHAM.
(9) Oldham v. Millwall.
(10) Plymouth v. WEST HAM.
•(11) PRESTON v. Southampton.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

•(1) WATFORD v. Boscombe.
••(2) GILLINGHAM v. Newport.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Bristol City.
(4) Aldershot v. Brentford.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Coventry.
••(6) CARDIFF v. Swindon.
(7) C. PALACE v. Luton.
••(8) NORWICH v. Northampton.
(9) Q.P. Rangers v. Torquay.
•(10) READING v. Orient.
(11) Southend v. Exeter.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Crewe v. Doncaster.
(2) BARROW v. Gateshead.
•(3) YORK v. Darlington.
(4) ACCRINGTON v. Tranmere.
(5) MANSFIELD v. Hartlepools.
(6) N. Brighton v. WREXHAM.
(7) Rochdale v. HULL.
•(8) ROTHERHAM v. Halifax.
(9) Southport v. Barnsley.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I—7 (H); Div. II.—2 (H); Southern Section 8—(H); Northern Section 6—(A) would indicate Huddersfield, Hotspur, Norwich and Wrexham.

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The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from :—

Miss D. Green, Palmerston Lodge, Bembridge, I.O.W.,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £500 and a Pension of £100 a Year For Life, or a lump sum of £1,250.

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 16, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "***Scrutiny***" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."*

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following eleven competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £9 1s. 10d.

Mrs. D. E. Edwards, Wellfield, Vicarage Road, Morriston, Swansea; M. Fox, Fernleigh, Park Road, Chilwell, Notts; J. Gilmon, 26, Litchfield Way, London, N.W.11; T. Hill, 17, Wood Lane, Ashton-under-Lyne; M. T. Kerwin, 78, Riverdale Road, Plumstead, S.E.18; R. H. MacLachlan, Mountstuart, Caterham, Surrey; Mrs. E. Masud, Priory Cottage, Freshwater, I.O.W.; E. C. Moody, 47, Wain-a-Long Road, Salisbury; A. H. Notley, The Haven, Merstham, Surrey; Mrs. E. Roberts, 34, Fentiman Road, London, S.W.8; Miss A. Webster, 6, Station Cotts., Shiremoor, Northumberland.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 207.—14 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest and payments of £7 2s. 11d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a first prize of a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash, together with prizes for runners-up appears on page 36. Try your skill now!

FENNINGS'
LUNG
HEALERS

FOR
COUGHS . .
COLDS . . .
BRONCHITIS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

GRAVES TENNIS OUTFIT

comprising British-made Racket, bevelled frame, hollow wedge, fine quality gut, weights 12¾, 13, 13¼ozs; Hardwood Press; Waterproof Head-Cover; 4 Balls in carrying Net; rubber-proofed Covert Bag with pocket and straps. Price complete 22/- or 4/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue of Sports Goods free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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AND SAVE YOU MONEY
Grand Suits at 42/-, 46/-, 58/-, 62/-, 76/- & 84/-. Delivered now, payment from 5/- monthly. Any cloth and any style you wish. Lovely Suitings in attractive fashionable cloths at money-saving prices. Correct fit and full satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Full Range of Patterns Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WIN THIS HUGE 2·IN·1 X·WORD PRIZE £100 and £500 CASH

YOU MAY USE THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £5 will be added to any prize you win in Crossword No 212, provided that by Thursday, May 11, you have registered as a reader of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Entrants registered for "Bullets" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. ....crossed "& Co" and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.

Five "Crossword Gazette" readers qualified for £5 Bonus with prizes won in Competition No. 208. Register yourself on Coupon provided.

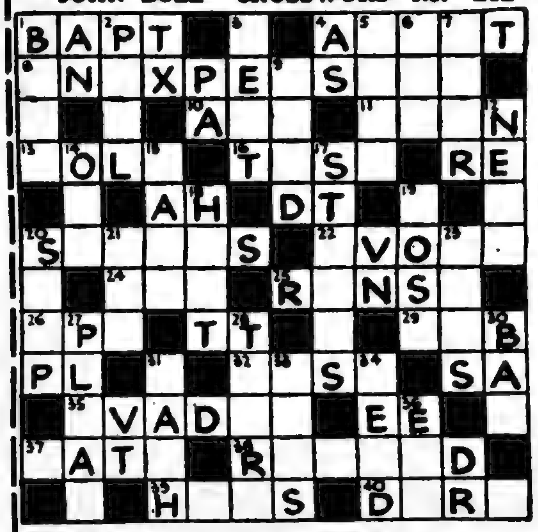
or ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,250

FOR three consecutive weeks, our huge Crossword First Prize has been won outright. As their reward for solving an entertaining problem, three readers have secured their choice of £500 cash with a Life Pension of £100 a year—or £1,250 in one lump sum.

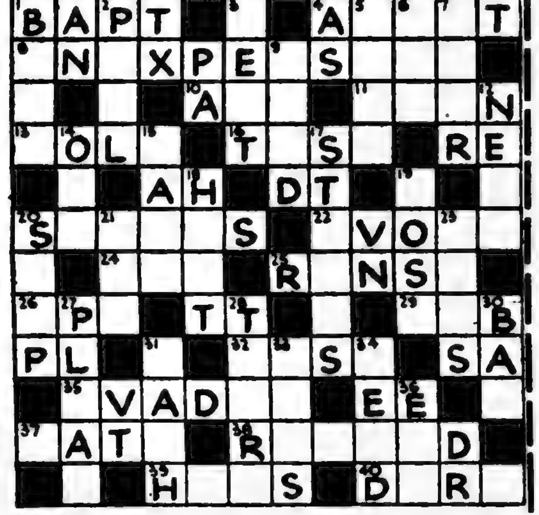
Out with your pen and let the entertaining Clues for this week's puzzle lead you also to a staggering success. And remember, as you complete your entry, that if you just miss the huge 2-in-1 First, you may well benefit by the award of £200 to be shared by Runners-up on the conditions announced.

Your entry for this absorbing contest must be in by noon, Thursday, May 11.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 212—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 11.



JB 212



JB 212

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value......No........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

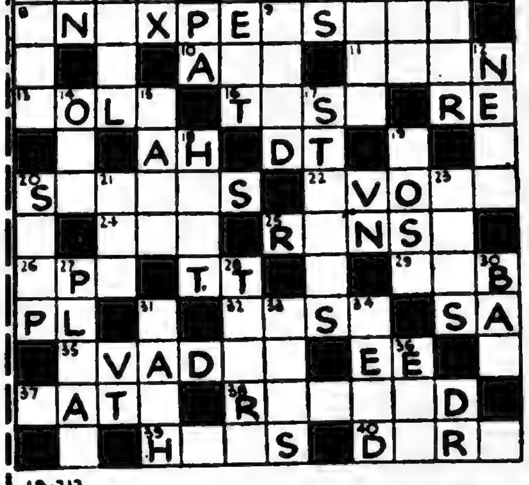
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED ....

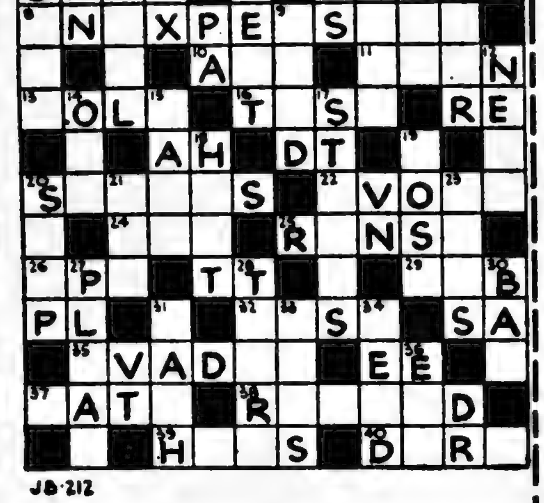
ADDRESS..

....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 212—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 11.



JB 212



JB 212

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value...... No.........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY— "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 212,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

N.B.—Four winners in Crossword No. 208 were registered readers of our "Crossword Gazette" —each will receive an extra £5 accordingly.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 18, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 25, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Baptist (abbrev.)
4. Wide awake
8. Not at all costly
10. An intoxicating drink
11. Skinny
13. Swindled
16. A trial
20. Infants write on them
22. Declares
24. She loves a cup of this
25. Cleanse with water
26. Largest monkey
29. Tides do this
32. Be quiet!
35. Cunningly avoids
37. Are sometimes given to horses
38. What good action secures
39. What sewing-machine does
40. Cupid often gets one in

CLUES DOWN

1. Every mother has for her baby
2. A skin
3. Animal's skin provides this
5. Helps you remember melody
6. Adam's better-half
7. What frightened horses do
9. Want
12. Whoppers are seen in
14. Found in some woods
15. Calendar tells you this
17. They make charwoman grumble
18. Fire gives off this
19. To do this gracefully is an art worth acquiring
20. Tourist takes on holiday
21. Devoured
23. Spiders make fine ones
27. Woman puts in skilfully
28. Gas is measured by
30. Cry of animals
31. Indicates a mixture
33. Puts to some purpose
34. Part of the body that aches most
36. Crossword age

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 11, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 25, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 6, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

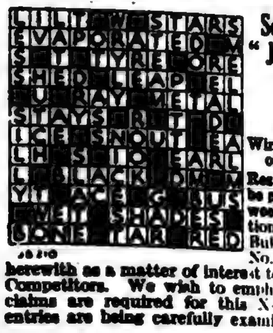
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



JB 210

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 210

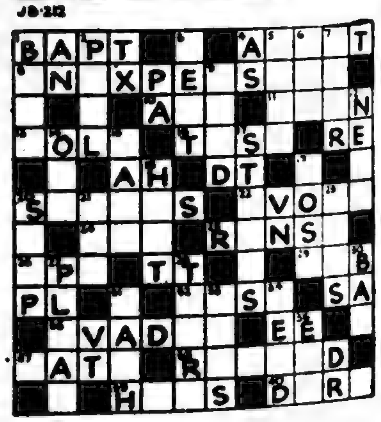
Winners in 209 on page 35. Result of 210 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 210 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB 212

JB 212



JB 212

JB 212

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

WILL (Edinburgh).—"Taking part in a boxing-match would be the last thing on earth I would do." Very probably.

C. F. (Brixton).—"I think the oyster season should be extended to the end of this month." And have it renamed Mary?

B. A. (Oxford).—"I am just mad to go on a hiking tour through the wilds of Abyssinia." You certainly are.

HARD TIMES (Botesdale).—"I have given up smoking and taken to snuff." You're feeling the pinch?

NED (Chester).—"What actually is a hypocrite?" One who tells a bare lie as if it were the naked truth.

R. M. (Perth).—"What would you do if your wife called you a bad-tempered mule?" We should kick.

R. K. (London).—"The ordinary man thinks very little about traffic problems." Not so the man in the street.

P. M. (Chorley Wood).—"He claims to be the descendant of a famous highwayman." Does he keep a garage?

J. N. (Dorking).—"Long hair is not suitable for hiking." Short cuts are better.

A. M. (Cromer).—"When in danger of losing my temper, I start singing." It would be kinder to lose your temper

N. E. (Streatham).—"He looks down on me and exposes my faults to others." Well, tennis umpires must do their duty.

ADMIRER (Glasgow).—"I should like to see another tupp'ny paper as good as this week's JOHN BULL." Get next week's JOHN BULL.

BOOKWORM (Liverpool).—"My wife throws my books at me when she is angry. What can I do to protect myself?" Buy only pocket editions in future.

MISS A. (Oban).—"It must be terrible when an M.P. realises that he has lost the gift of making speeches." It is more terrible still when he doesn't realise it.

G. D. M. (Blackpool).—"An armless American who writes with his toes has just produced a small encyclopædia." With copious foot-notes?

LYDIA (Mayfair).—"Don't you think West End wedding crowds are silly?" What have they done now—got between you and the photographers?

STENOGRAPHER (Bristol).—"The boss said something I didn't like, and so I left my job." What did he say—"You're fired"?

MEDICO (Holt).—"To be healthy, one must have plenty of change." Yet some of the most robust people we see are taxi-drivers.

L. K. (Brent).—"In court recently, an old-age pensioner said he left Chicago forty years ago." That's probably why he's an old-age pensioner.

FASHION EXPERT (West End).—"The success or failure of a beautiful woman at a ball depends on the dress she wears." Yes, it hangs by a thread.

L. P. (Brixton).—"Some of the new bathing costumes for women are only just barely respectable." And the wearers are only just respectably bare.

G. W. (Brighton).—"There are any amount of undercurrents in the banking world to-day." Yes, and quite a number of overdrafts, too.

F. N. (Epsom).—"What do you fancy for the Derby this year?" A comfortable seat, a good luncheon basket and something sparkling to drink.

M. N. (Nuneaton).—"Our baby boy is the very image of me, and is so happy and contented." Well, you can hardly expect him to realise it yet.

D. W. (Carlisle).—"The perfect servant should move about quietly." Some of them do it so perfectly that they do not even disturb the dust.

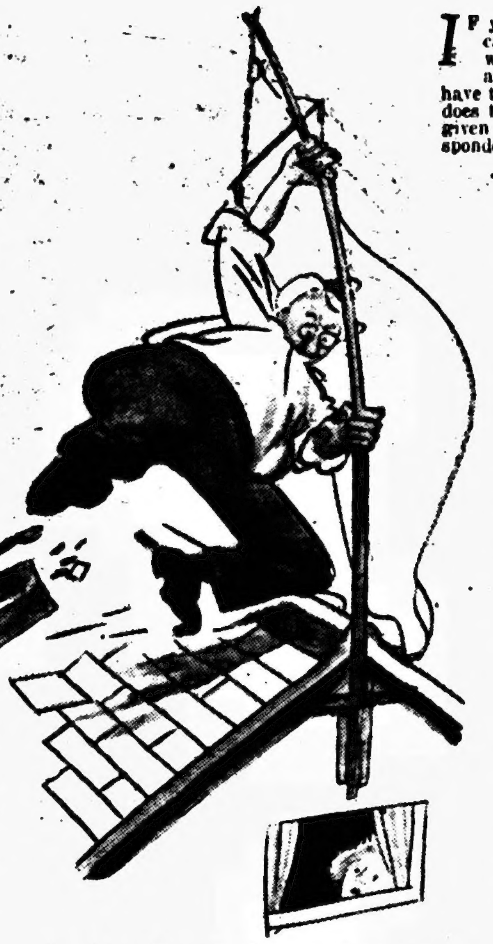
B. T. (Hastings).—"The only way to cure a headache is to remove the cause." The trouble is that the only guillotine in this country is at Madame Tussaud's.

TENNIS ENTHUSIAST (Todmorden).—"I don't care what people say—I'm going to wear short trousers on the courts this season." Have they shrunk at the cleaners?

G. J. M. (Edinburgh).—"Edinburgh possesses some of the whitest men in the country." London income-tax inspectors have been sending out the annual return forms, too.

MATRON (Maidstone).—"These young parents trying to make their offspring talk when they don't want to make me tired." And trying to make the same offspring stop talking later makes *them* tired.

MRS. W. (Dumfries).—"The idea that weather experts do nothing but give wrong forecasts for the week-ends is nonsensical." Of course it is—they give wrong forecasts for ordinary week-days as well.



J. M. B. (Perth).—"The wireless undoubtedly tends to lead to lack of exercise." You have evidently never tried to erect an aerial on a sloping roof.

ATHLETE (Wembley).—"I am training on grapefruit." To get that extra spurt?

J. J. (Foxton).—"He called me a half-wit." He exaggerated.

P. N. (Amersham).—"I started life in a small way." About 8 lb.?

E. C. (Shoreditch).—"Earlier generations didn't worry about vitamins." And look where they are to-day.

F. H. (Fulham).—"I often have a disagreement with my wife." Does she know it?

CURIOUS (Pittenweem).—"What are people called who collect ants?" Pic-nickers.

H. M. (Bristol).—"I hope to marry my employer's daughter." Isn't working for one of the family enough?

S. Y. (Dundee).—"Can book-keeping be learned at home?" Yes, refuse to lend them.

W. N. (Oxford).—"The sun is said to be good for another three hundred million centuries." At the rate we use it in England it should last for ever.

B. D. (Cardiff).—"When a young man is in love he considers that there is nothing good enough for the girl." Except, of course, himself.

S. W. (Romford).—"I am continually mistaken for Ronald Colman. What should I do about it?" Write and apologise to him.

E. C. (Bournemouth).—"How is it that one seldom hears the bagpipes on the B.B.C.?" We suppose that even the B.B.C. can be human at times.

D. C. (Windsor).—"I invariably ride in the rear carriage of a railway train." You're not the only one who arrives just as it is leaving the station.

G. Y. (Thornton Heath).—"A London firm specialises in publishing novels for women only." It is untrue, however, that the first chapter is placed at the back.

H. D. (Bedford).—"I mean to get his daughter's hand." But don't forget it includes the thumb under which you will be later.

W. S. (Bath).—"I recently wrote some fiction which should be worth pounds to me." Unless the Income Tax Office discovers the false return.

N. F. (New York).—"More than a dozen bank cashiers have robbed their employers and disappeared in America recently." To evade arrest they are probably going about disguised as gangsters

C. D. G. (Chester).—"I'm afraid a hiking holiday doesn't appeal to me." Well, make tracks for page 39. There you'll find three big *Bullets* cheques to be won—and a Week's Free Motoring goes with each.

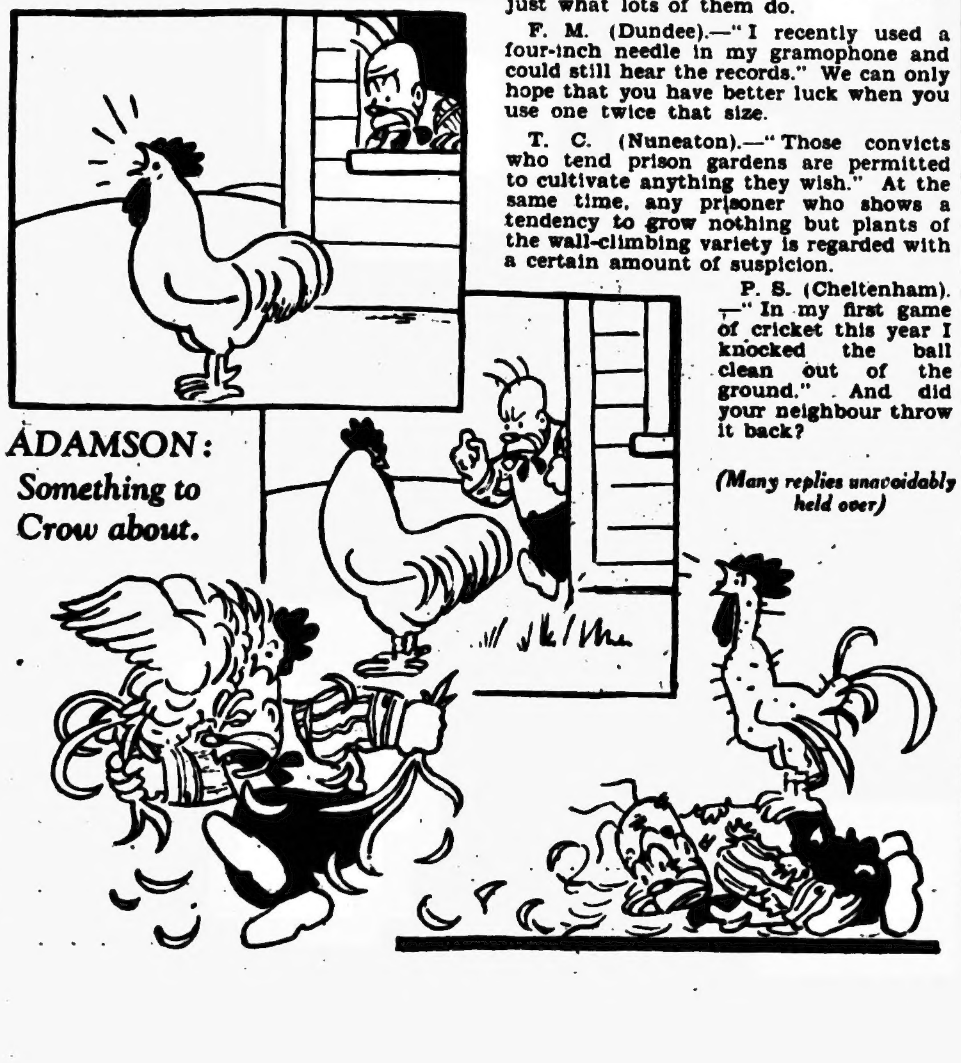
ANIMAL LOVER (Preston).—"No doubt jockeys are clever, but when all is said and done they couldn't get over tricky jumps without the horse." But that's just what lots of them do.

F. M. (Dundee).—"I recently used a four-inch needle in my gramophone and could still hear the records." We can only hope that you have better luck when you use one twice that size.

T. C. (Nuneaton).—"Those convicts who tend prison gardens are permitted to cultivate anything they wish." At the same time, any prisoner who shows a tendency to grow nothing but plants of the wall-climbing variety is regarded with a certain amount of suspicion.

P. S. (Cheltenham).—"In my first game of cricket this year I knocked the ball clean out of the ground." And did your neighbour throw it back?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ADAMSON: *Something to Crow about.*

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS is CURABLE!

Remarkable Testimonials Definitely Prove this Revolutionizing Claim.

"ACID SECRET" OF RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS POSITIVELY CONQUERED!

10,000 free trial treatments already distributed to sufferers from RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SWOLLEN JOINTS, excruciating SCIATICA, NEURITIS and allied complaints.

HERE IS PROOF!

(Original of this letter & thousands of others can be seen at our offices.)

"I have suffered for more than 20 years from Rheumatoid Arthritis. I have tried scores of so-called remedies without deriving any good. I have just finished the sixth bottle of your 'Curicones' and the result is simply marvellous. I found relief from the first dose and I am now quite all right.

"There is not a trace of the disease left. My joints and muscles are free, the swellings have gone down, and all pain has vanished. I am fully restored to health after being a cripple for so long."

WM. STEELE, St. Helens.

RHEUMATIC KNEE JOINT

BEFORE taking 'CURICONES'

Note the thickened cartilage and "lipped" bone caused by the presence of rheumatic crystals — Uric, Hippuric and Lactic acids and other acids and poisons. Partial dislocation is followed by stiffening of the joint rendering the whole limb "fixed" and useless.

AFTER taking 'CURICONES'

"Curicones" dissolve and eliminate the razor-edged crystals in the joints, muscles and blood-stream which cause the fiery tortures of rheumatic agony. Pain is banished, swelling reduced, stiffness relieved through the natural agency of the blood-stream. "Curicones" will completely rid the system of excessive acid crystals and poisons.

2,400 DOCTORS APPROVE

More than 2,400 British Doctors have written in praise of "Curicones" stating that they are prescribing them in daily practice. Even advanced cases of Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis and Sciatica once considered hopeless, yield to the new discovery without interference with daily occupations.

"Curicones" are simply small gelatine capsules, pleasant and easy to take, containing a new combination of anti-acid and anti-microbic elements approved by British Pharmaceutical Authorities.

FREE TRIAL—WRITE AT ONCE

A generous FREE supply of "Curicones" for test purposes is offered to every sufferer of a Rheumatic disorder. With the sample you will receive an interesting booklet and diet table explaining the HOW AND WHY of this epoch-making discovery and containing an amazing number of endorsements from well-known physicians and other prominent people. Write immediately for your free treatment. The supply is limited and delay unwise.

TEAR THIS COUPON OUT AND POST IT, *or Postcard will do.*

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD.,
Mfg. Chemists & Druggists (Dept. J.B.4),
19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE and post paid, a Trial Supply of "CURICONES," with printed particulars of HOW and WHY they conquer Rheumatic and allied ailments.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Ailment ....

Please write in Block Letters.

WHAT A DELICIOUS TASTE!

Ask any user of the new Milton toothpaste why he or she prefers it to any other, and ten-to-one the answer will be "Because of its delicious flavour." Only the other day the manager of a small provincial store told the Milton people that one old lady had got him eleven new customers for this toothpaste *on its flavour alone*.

But please don't think that that's the *only* reason for the tremendous success of Milton Dental Cream. Notice your teeth after using it for a few days. You will see a new sparkle and whiteness about them that haven't been there for years. Even those disfiguring tobacco stains have gone. And yet this wonderful toothpaste contains nothing abrasive or harmful to the enamel of your teeth!

Of course, you would *expect* anything bearing the name of Milton to be something extra-special, wouldn't you? Have you ever read the little booklet which is wrapped round every bottle of the famous Milton fluid? It fairly opens your eyes to what this amazing antiseptic fluid will do. Over a hundred and fifty everyday uses! Milton, you will read, takes all the pain and irritation from wasp and insect bites. A drop of Milton in the vase revives drooping flowers. Milton removes fruit stains from white tablecloths. Milton cleans and sterilises false teeth. And so on—through pages and pages.

And now—Milton have brought out this last word in toothpastes to do for your natural teeth what Milton has done for artificial teeth. Milton fluid and Milton Dental Cream — the good companions of the bathroom shelf! Milton toothpaste—like Milton fluid—costs sixpence.

FREE!

A copy of the New NESTLE'S GIFT BOOK and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS can now be obtained by readers of "John Bull" FREE. The Gifts illustrated have been carefully selected and will give every satisfaction. As a coupon or part coupon is enclosed with all the wrapped varieties of Nestle's Chocolate it should only take a short time to qualify for a Gift. Start saving your Coupons now, but first of all send for the Gift Book and 5 Free Coupons. Fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 23.

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"FALCON" 3-Valve Set in polished Oak Cabinet 16½ x 13½in. All-steel Chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, latest Mullard Valves, Pertrix H.T. & L.T. Batteries. Aerial Outfit. Lovely tone. Price £5:5:0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Table & Pedestal Sets for Batteries or Mains; also high power Screened-Grid, Moving Coil, and Radio Gram Sets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

A Full-size Easy Chair for 5/- down.

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 31. The Home Model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- down and monthly payments of 5/-. Fill in the Coupon for free illustrated Catalogue, patterns, etc.

REMOVE THE CAUSE OF STOMACH ULCER.

Few people realise that the most serious form of stomach trouble, such as duodenal or gastric ulcers, develops in nearly every case because early symptoms are neglected.

Constant sick headaches, biliousness, stomach pains, indigestion of all kinds, are warnings of more serious trouble to come and the cause should be removed at once.

This is perfectly easy, for the very worst cases of indigestion rapidly yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure now used in the Clinics of the leading hospitals. Any doctor will tell you it has brought relief and cure in thousands of cases which otherwise would have meant a serious operation.

And now you can get all the benefits of the Maclean Formula, ready packed for your own use, under the name Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Try it to-day. Only be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

7 MONTHS IN HOSPITAL WITH ASTHMA.

Cigarettes cured him in 14 days.

To be for seven months in hospital suffering so badly from Asthma that he could not lie down at night and could not even reach his ward without stopping to take breath, and then to be cured in a fortnight by Dr. Blosser's Herbal Cigarettes, do you wonder Mr. G. T. Pearce, of Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, is grateful, or that he writes this amazing unsolicited letter.

"I am writing to show my gratitude for the wonderful cure your cigarettes did for me in less than a fortnight after taking the first one. I was seven months in hospital suffering from asthma and was unable to lie down at nights and could not mount the stairs to my ward without stopping to take breath. My wife brought me, one Red Letter day, a sample box of your cigarettes. They went straight to the seat of my trouble. After inhaling the smoke I was able to expectorate and ease my chest of the phlegm and catarrh which the hospital had failed to do all these months. A fortnight after taking my first cigarette I came away *cured*. Friends were astonished at my sudden return home. I feel so eternally grateful that the least I can do is to advertise the success of your wonderful cure."

What greater evidence could you desire of the benefits of these Dr. Blosser Cigarettes for colds, catarrh, asthma, or any bronchial trouble. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

Try Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes to-day. Get a packet at any chemist, but don't be put off with an imitation, for Dr. Blosser's are the one brand which have been proved all over the world. If you prefer send card for free sample packet of 4 to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. 121 MH, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4.

HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural cure at home, by same treatment as used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders, etc., are simply the penalties of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and other impurities. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound and it dissolves uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be painful, but are quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. This curative medicinal water will clear the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus and bacteria.

Lorry Driver Wins "Bullets" King of the Giants!

THE telegraph boy handed in his bright envelope at No. 12, Reid Street, Dundee, and Mrs. C. Bottoms opened the wire addressed to her husband.

She read it and read it again. Then she handed it to the messenger. "Do you think it's really true?" she faltered.

"You have won First Prize of 5,000 Guineas or £10 a Week for Life, £1,000 and Motor-car"—ran that message from JOHN BULL.

When Mr. C. Bottoms came back from work soon afterwards, there were tears in his wife's eyes as she handed him the telegram. He had built great hopes on his Bullet, FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS." But to have captured for it the biggest First Prize ever offered for a few words was a shock which almost numbed his senses.

"I had very little sleep last night," said the winner to a JOHN BULL representative the next morning. But his smile was not less broad for that.

"I've been entering off and on for about ten years," he continued, "but this is the first time I've won more than a 'Target.' As a matter of fact, my winning coupon was the first I'd entered this year."

But for the "Target" Prizes he had secured, declared Mr. Bottoms, he would never have had the courage to go on entering at all.

Now, for the few words he wrote on a coupon from these columns, Mr. Bottoms has earned for himself, his wife and family of three the countless benefits which 5,000 Guineas can provide.

He has chosen the lump sum, rather than a Life Pension, a cheque and a Motor-car, so that he may soon secure a comfortable home in place of his little council house and perhaps launch out one day in a business of his own.

Mr. Bottoms celebrated his staggering success that afternoon. Off he went as usual to the shilling enclosure at the local football ground. And he had the satisfaction of seeing Dundee score another victory as unexpected as his own!

Who is to be the next "Bulleteer" to receive our famous Friday telegram, with its "Open Sesame" to a life made smooth by a huge lump sum?

This week's £500 winner, as well as those who capture £50 and £25, is to enjoy a free week's motoring this summer at our expense. Win one of these fine new 2-in-1 prizes with one of the coupons on the opposite page!

INSIDE INFORMATION

Your best guide to the *Bullets* prize-list is a regular service of inside information from Long Acre.

Our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* provides this – and more. Scores of entrants have won big prizes with its aid, and so can you.

Secure a 12-weeks' supply of this unique journal, now incorporated with JOHN BULL'S helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*. Application coupon awaits you on the opposite page.

£752 10s. CASH AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 889.

Mr. E. GREIG, 101, River Avenue, Palmers Green, London, N.
Example:—FEARSOME BEAST
Bullet:—IN TO-DAY'S "JUNGLE," TO-MORROW?
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. M. WICKENS, 2, Cotham Side, Bristol.
Example: Winning His Spurs
Bullet:—Others Winning, His Spur.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. H. JONES, 23, Greek Street, London Road, Liverpool.
Example:—Breath Of Romance
Bullet:—"Bouquet" *She* Brings *Me*.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

C. W. ANDERSON, 18, Whyte Avenue, Cambuslang, N.B.
A Bit Too Thick—"Hairbreadth" Bore Escaped By.
Mrs. J. CRAIG, 54, Langham Road, Teddington, Middx.
Breath Of Romance.—Kills "Dragon" Of Drudgery.
E. A. EMMETT, 4, Morley Terrace, York.
She's The Boss, So—Far—But She's Sewing.
Mrs. J. FAIR, 67, Market Street, Earlestown, Lancs.
Sacking The Cook—Using Piecrust As Shield!
D. GEORGOPOULOS, 81, Scarboro' Street, West Hartlepool.
A Bit Too Thick.—So Youth *Breaks* "Fetters."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
S. HALLS, Lawn Cottage, Hockley, Essex.
He's Trying, But—"Sitting" On Embankment "Bench."
W. LEE, 19, Sunnyside Road, Ilford.
Sacking The Cook—Another "Firing" Dad's Fearing.
W. J. SIMPSON, 189, Abbeyhill Street, Glasgow.
Angry Customer—Returning Parrot—"It S-Stutters!"
A. SURRELL, Dany Park Lodge, Crickhowell.
Regardless Of Danger—Last Words Left "Smouldering."
Mrs. E. J. TAYLOR, 74, Kelverlow Street, Oldham.
Her Lot—Pitiful—Once, Pretty Fool.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BLACKLEDGE, 15, Mayfield Road, Chorley.
Steady Hand—"Asset" Balance-sheet Doesn't Show.
J. BOWES, 8, Phoenix Street, St. Pancras, London, N.W.
Returning Reveller—Fellow Feeling Wondrous "*Blind*."
C. W. T. CROFT, 117, Balmoral Road, Gillingham, Kent.
Fearsome Beast—Father, To Amuse Lamb.
W. DEWAR, Kincardine Farm, Crieff, Perth.
Shock For the Explorer—In Desert, One Foot-prints.
J. A. EDMONDS, 60, Highbury Grove, Cosham.
A Bit Too Thick—Even Gas-meter Rejected Medals!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)
H. KING, 53, Fitzroy Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Shock For The Explorer—Policeman Didn't "Know Mummy."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
C. LESLIE, 85, Babington Road, Streatham.
Shock For The Explorer—"Speakee English?"—"Oh, Quaite!"
A. C. LOWE, 32, Mill Road, Motherwell.
Breath Of Romance—To Professor, New Stink.
B. D. ROBSON, 75, Marine Avenue, Monkseaton.
Sacking The Cook—Sonny Explained To Crowd.
Miss H. M. SPINK, Pendyne, St. John's Road, Clevedon, Som.
Made Him Think Twice—About Thinking Algy's Headache.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NOVEL BIG 2·IN·1 PRIZES

£50 AND FREE MOTORING

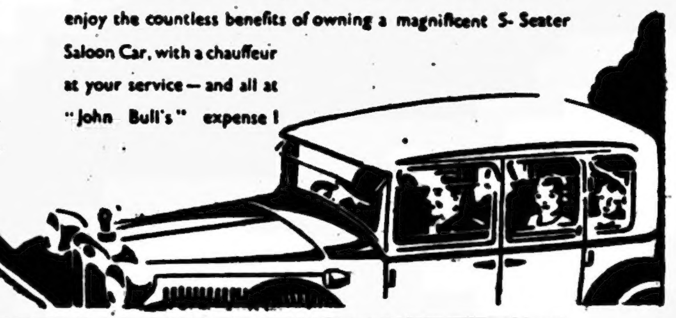
£25 AND FREE MOTORING

£500 CASH AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING

OTHER PRIZES	10 of £5	10 of £2·10s	50 of 10/-	500 of 2/6	2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES	OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY

Free Motoring
FOR WINNING "BULLETEERS"

IF you are one of the three chief winners in this week's contest you will receive a WEEK'S FREE MOTORING as an extra award. For any seven consecutive days before Sept. 30, 1933, you will be provided with a luxurious limousine and chauffeur. The car will be yours to command — you can set off for a glorious week by the sea, a visit to relations in some distant part of England, Scotland or Wales, or enjoy for a week a daily jaunt from your home into the surrounding country. Thus, for seven glorious days this summer you will enjoy the countless benefits of owning a magnificent 5- Seater Saloon Car, with a chauffeur at your service — and all at "John Bull's" expense!



BIG CASH AND MOTORING PRIZES!

ALWAYS first with new ideas, JOHN BULL ushers in the sunny month of May with a fine one-week offer of big Cash-plus-Motoring Prizes. Besides receiving a substantial cheque, the three chief winners in this novel contest will each enjoy a week's free motoring at JOHN BULL's expense.

Picture to yourself what a glorious holiday you and your family could enjoy with a big cheque safely lodged in the bank and a magnificent 5-seater Saloon Car, with chauffeur at your constant disposal.

To make a *Bullet*, you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words to form a pointed comment and link up aptly with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose for instance, that you were working on the *Example* TRAVELLER RAMSAY; by adding the words MILLIONS "CALLING" ON *Him* you could complete a typical *Bullet*.

To help you further, study the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page. Then get going on your own efforts—and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, May 13.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TRAVELLER RAMSAY
TO SAVE THE SHIP
ALL OVER THE PLACE
TALKING THINGS OVER
ROUND OF FESTIVITIES
WAITING FOR FATHER
A WEEK'S HOLIDAY
NOTHING TO PAY
MAN WHO CAME BACK
URGENTLY NEEDED
BEST IN THE WORLD
STRONG AS A HORSE
MORE BECOMING
SHOCK FOR THE HIKER
NOW SHE'S MINE
FRIEND OF MAN
OFF TO WORK
LITTLE CUPID
CURIOUS CHAP
CUNNINGLY
IN TROUBLE
FLOWERS
AT LAST
RELATIONS
IN THE QUEUE
NOBODY MINDS
MILES BEHIND
MY TIP
BEYOND HER
ABOVE ALL
FILLS THE GAP
RISING TIDE

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 893 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for 5,000 Guineas chosen by the First Prize-winner in No. 888 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. Fyffe, 65a, Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's Couplets Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette.*

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 39, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(893) Closing SAT., May 13
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(893) Closing SAT., May 13
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(893) Closing SAT., May 13
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(893) Closing SAT., May 13
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 893, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEXT WEEK'S SURPRISE
BIGGER FIRST FREE MOTORING PRIZES

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave, and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE, the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex,' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving.

What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest, and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formation of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in the sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in **6d., 1/- & 1/6** Tubes and **1/6 Pots**

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d: Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

NERO.

Nero was one of the greatest degenerates the world has ever known. What with his cruel tyranny, his selfish lust and his wholesale murders, and these were the reason for his own suicide. He bathed in the blood of his enemies and his slaves. He married Sporus. He poisoned Agrippina, his own mother, at the instigation of Poppæa Sabina. When tired of Poppæa he kicked her to death. He had his first wife Octavia poisoned to make way for Poppæa. He had all wealthy Greeks executed for their money and he plundered the temples wholesale. His wonder Golden House had its walls blazed with gold and precious stones. Seneca the philosopher saw the wild beast in his pupil—and did everything to calm him and give in to him. Seneca only went the way of the others and was poisoned by Nero. With Nero's death ended the last of the Cæsars and Roman Imperialism. He was born in Rome in 37, and died at the age of 31 in the year 68 after having reigned 14 years. He shaved as did all Roman Patricians in his day, with oils, as used in Shavex to-day. He was clean-shaven—he changed from one Imperial robe to another at least ten times a day. His skin was as youthful and as beautiful as a woman's, with all his excesses.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.
(Dept. S.14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

SALOME.

***SALOME** was the beautiful daughter of Herodias. She married her father's brother Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, by Cleopatra. She charmed Herod by her wonderful dancing and her glorious figure. He promised her anything she desired and she asked for the head of John the Baptist. She was known for her glorious complexion and her beautiful skin. The Oils we use in Zee-Kol Soap to-day were used in the East in those days. Cleopatra and Salome both covered their bodies with oil to keep their skins supple and youthful. Oils in soap were used in those days as they are in the Zee-Kol soap to-day.*

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutley a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

Per Pot - - - 1/-;
Large Pot - - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

THE DOGE OF VENICE.

The Doge of Venice was very powerful, as the Chief of the Government and head of the Church. Each year the sea was wedded to Venice. The Doge from a luxurious boat called "Bucintoro" threw a ring into the Sea which completed the ceremony and this was called the Wedding of the Sea. The most beautiful women in Venice were present on these occasions, and their beauty lent great enchantment to these strange ceremonies. The great painter Bellini said their glorious skins and complexions made him feel drunk, so intoxicated was his admiration, and history proves that Doge Cream was the cream used at that time; that is why Doge is called Venetian cream, it is from an old Venetian recipe.

ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. Do. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

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